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BLUE BOLT

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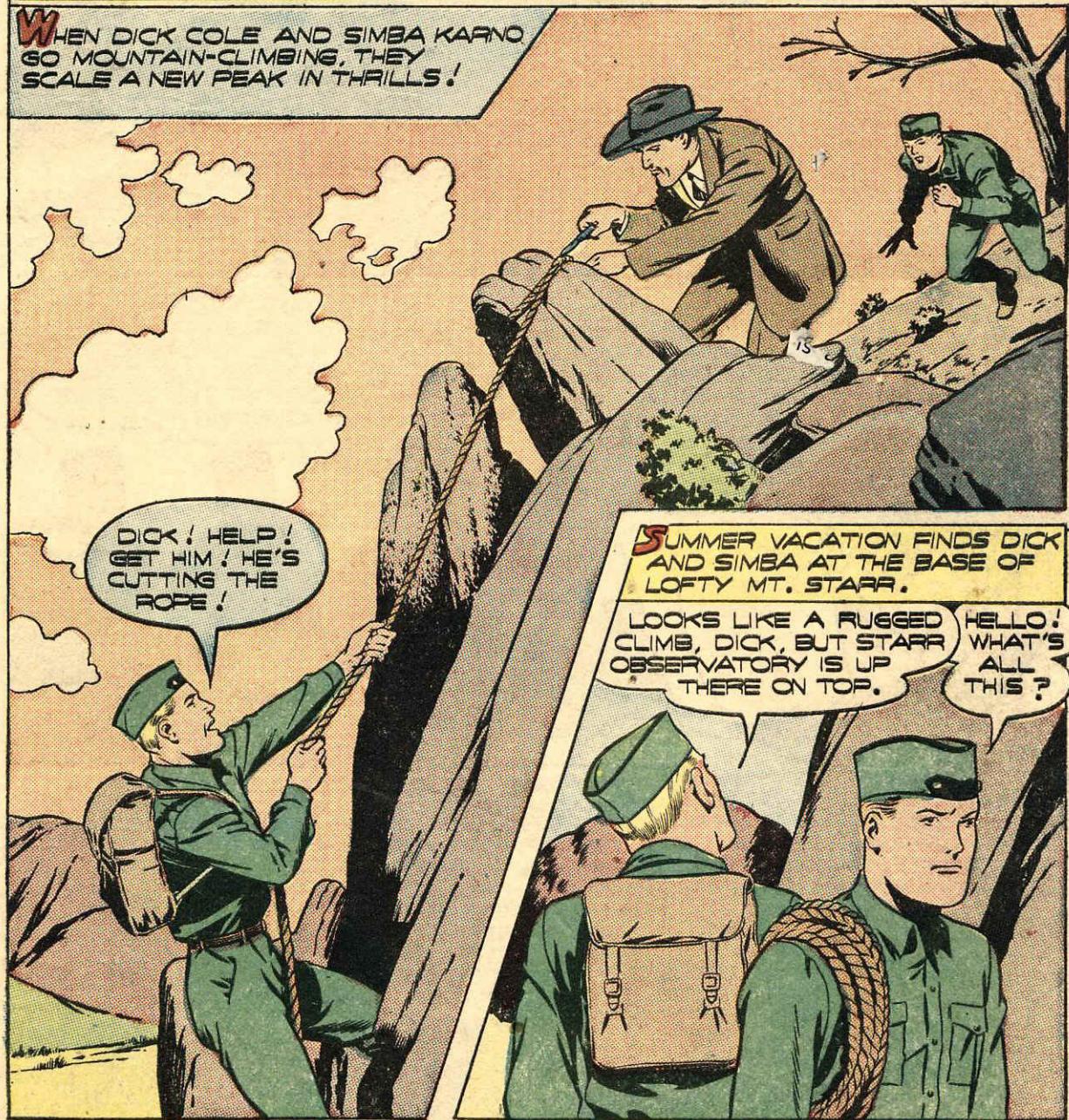


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BLUE BOLT

WHEN DICK COLE AND SIMBA KARNO GO MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING, THEY SCALE A NEW PEAK IN THRILLS!



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager
Katharine Urban, Story Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director

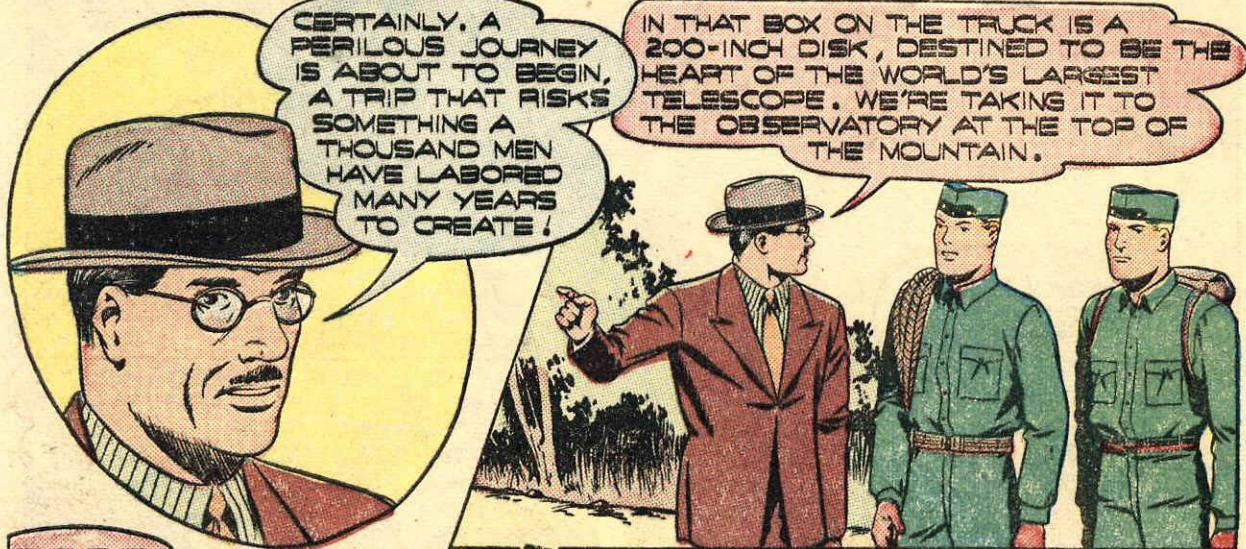
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AH, PROFESSOR JASPER,
THE FAMOUS ASTRONOMER! PARDON ME, SIR.
COULD YOU TELL US
WHAT'S GOING ON?



CERTAINLY. A
PERILOUS JOURNEY
IS ABOUT TO BEGIN,
A TRIP THAT RISKS
SOMETHING A
THOUSAND MEN
HAVE LABORED
MANY YEARS
TO CREATE!

IN THAT BOX ON THE TRUCK IS A
200-INCH DISK, DESTINED TO BE THE
HEART OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST
TELESCOPE. WE'RE TAKING IT TO
THE OBSERVATORY AT THE TOP OF
THE MOUNTAIN.

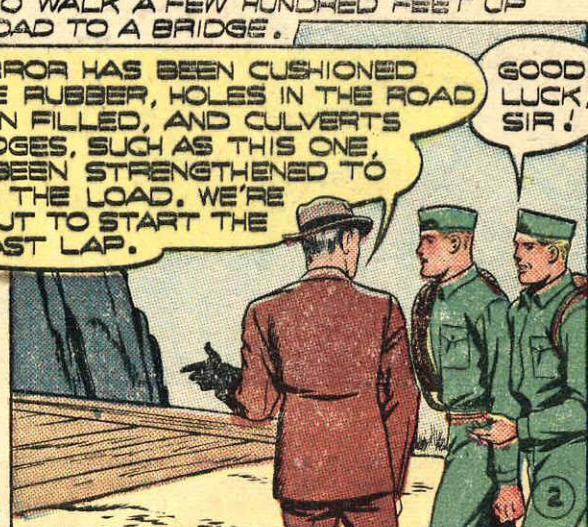


BUT THE
MIRROR AND TRUCK WEIGH
SIXTY TONS, AND THE TRAIL
UP IS STEEP AND ROUGH.
I'M WORRIED! ONE SLIP
MEANS DISASTER. COME
ALONG. I'LL SHOW YOU
WHAT WE'VE DONE.

THE TRIO WALK A FEW HUNDRED FEET UP
THE ROAD TO A BRIDGE.

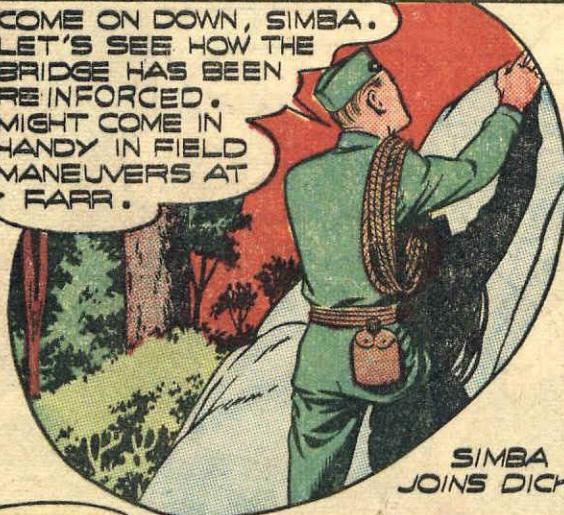
THE MIRROR HAS BEEN CUSHIONED
IN SPONGE RUBBER, HOLES IN THE ROAD
HAVE BEEN FILLED, AND CULVERTS
AND BRIDGES, SUCH AS THIS ONE,
HAVE BEEN STRENGTHENED TO
BEAR THE LOAD. WE'RE
ABOUT TO START THE
LAST LAP.

GOOD
LUCK,
SIR!



AFTER PROFESSOR JASPER LEAVES...

COME ON DOWN, SIMBA.
LET'S SEE HOW THE
BRIDGE HAS BEEN
REINFORCED.
MIGHT COME IN
HANDY IN FIELD
MANEUVERS AT
FARR.



THIS BRIDGE WOULDN'T HOLD THE
TRUCK WITHOUT THESE EXTRA
TIMBERS.

SIMBA
JOINS DICK.

GREAT
SCOTT! I DIDN'T SMACK THAT HARD
AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED! THE
BRIDGE ISN'T SAFE AT ALL!



DICK AND SIMBA DASH TO THE ROAD.

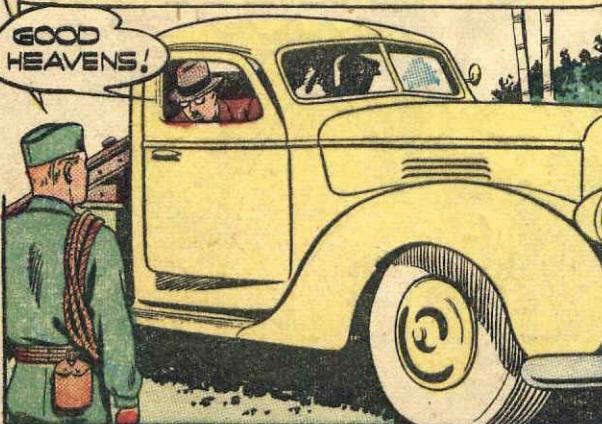
STOP!
STOP THE TRUCK!
WOW! IF THE
TRUCK CROSSES
THAT BRIDGE,
IT'LL CRASH SURE,
AND THE MIRROR
WILL BE
SMASHED!

HOLD
UP,
DRIVER,
TILL I
SEE WHAT
HE WANTS.

SOON...

THE BRIDGE WON'T TAKE THE LOAD!
SOMEBODY HAS LOOSENERED THE
REINFORCING TIMBERS, PROFESSOR!

GOOD
HEAVENS!



SABOTAGE! WE'LL
WAIT HERE UNTIL THE
ENGINEERS REPAIR
THE BRIDGE AND
TEST THE OTHER
BRIDGES UP AHEAD!

I'LL KEEP
AN EYE
PEELED FOR
SABOTEURS
AS WE CLIMB
THE MOUNTAIN,
SIR.



Q No. 1. What outstanding object is located on Mt. Palomar in California?

THE BOYS WORK
THEIR WAY HIGH
UP ON MT.
STARR.

DON'T
ASK ME.
(PUFF)
I'M GETTIN'
TOO (PUFF)
WINDED TO
(PUFF)
THINK!

I DON'T GET IT,
SIMBA! WHY
WOULD ANYONE
WANT TO DESTROY
SUCH A WONDERFUL
INSTRUMENT?

NOW
WHAT,
RICHARD?
DO WE
SPROUT
WINGS?

NEAR THE TOP THEY ENCOUNTER A
SHEER WALL OF ROCK.
YOU'RE NOT
QUITE THAT
ANGELIC,
SIMBA. LET'S
TRY THE ROPE!

DICK
UNCOILS
THE ROPE,
TAKES
AIM, AND
GIVES A
MIGHTY
HEAVE.

AHA!
BULL'S-EYE!
SNAGGED
THAT
LEDEGE!

THIS'LL GET ME
HALFWAY UP. WHEN
I REACH THE TOP,
I'LL DROP THE
ROPE TO YOU.

CAREFUL,
DICK! IF
THAT ROPE
SLIPS ...
CURTAINS!

FIVE MINUTES
OF STRENuous
EFFORT AND
DICK REACHES
THE LEDGE.

HERE, HE
LOOSENS THE
ROPE, TOSSES
IT OVER A
STILL HIGHER
PROJECTION,
AND DRAWS
HIMSELF UP.

THUS HE
CONTINUES THE
PERILOUS CLIMB
UNTIL FINALLY
HE REACHES
THE TOP.

NOT PAUSING TO CATCH HIS BREATH, DICK TOSSES THE ROPE
TO SIMBA. IT JUST REACHES.

ALL SET, SIMBA?
UP YOU COME!

BLAST IT! WHERE
DID HE DROP FROM?

A No. 1. The world's largest telescope, with a 200-inch reflector.

DICK
TURNS
AND SEES...

SAY! WHAT'S THE
IDEA OF THE
DYNAMITE?

UH..DON'T GET
EXCITED. I'M..UH...
JUST A PROSPECTOR.

YOU CAN'T BLAST
HERE! THE WHOLE
FACE OF THE CLIFF
WILL CRASH DOWN
ON THE ROAD
BELOW!

RUN ALONG,
KID. I DON'T
WANT TO BE
BOthered.

I WARN YOU.
YOU'D BETTER
STOP! DON'T
TRY TO LIGHT
THAT FUSE!

WELL, KID, YOU'RE
ASKING FOR IT.
TOO BAD!

MENACingly, THE STRANGER
ADVANCES...
THIS LITTLE
GADGET'LL SPEAK UP FAST AND
LOUD IF YOU TRY TO STOP THE
EXPLOSION,
BUB!

I'VE PLAYED
QUARTERBACK LONG
ENOUGH TO KNOW
WHEN TO KICK,
MISTER!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR
GAME IS, BUT **THIS** SHOULD
END IT **NOW!**

SOc!

ZING

5

Q No. 2. What position and team do you associate with the name Lujack?

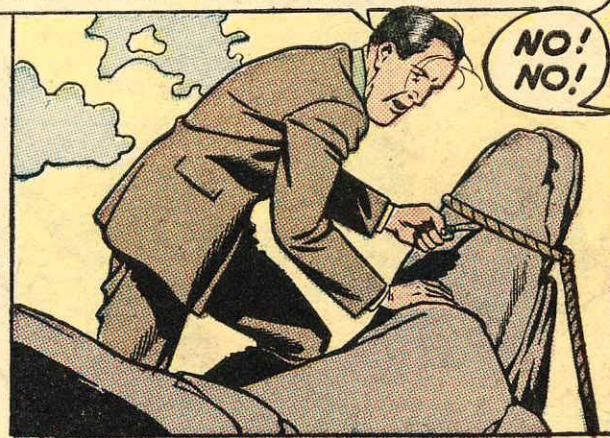
GOMING TO HIS KNEES, THE MAN WHIPS A KNIFE FROM UNDER HIS COAT.



AND AS DICK PICKS UP THE GUN...

GIVE ME THAT GUN, QUICK, OR I'LL SLASH THE ROPE! YOUR FRIEND WILL DROP 2000 FEET INTO THE VALLEY.

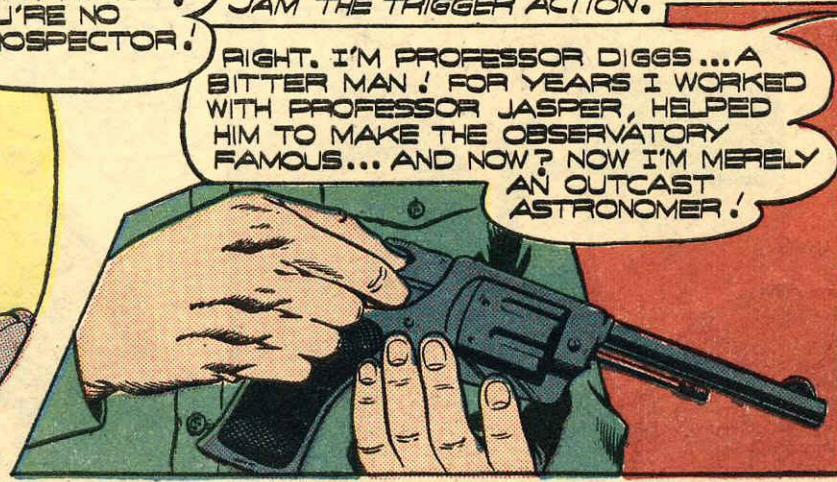
**NO!
NO!**



AS THE STRANGER TALKS, DICK SNAPS A MATCHSTICK AND FURTIVELY INSERTS IT INTO THE GUN, HOPING TO JAM THE TRIGGER ACTION.



WHAT'S YOUR GAME ANYHOW?
YOU'RE NO PROSPECTOR!



RIGHT. I'M PROFESSOR DIGGS ... A BITTER MAN! FOR YEARS I WORKED WITH PROFESSOR JASPER, HELPED HIM TO MAKE THE OBSERVATORY FAMOUS... AND NOW? NOW I'M MERELY AN OUTCAST ASTRONOMER!



SOUNDS LIKE VOICES ABOVE.
I WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON UP THERE?

AND JUST BECAUSE JASPER CAUGHT ME TAKING SOME PETTY FUNDS! BUT I'LL GET MY REVENGE! I'LL DESTROY HIS PRECIOUS DISK. HOWEVER, YOUR FRIEND WILL PERISH FIRST, UNLESS...

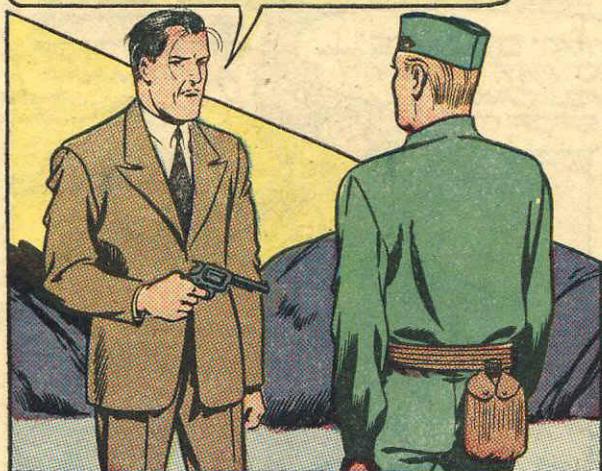
OKAY, DIGGS.
YOU WIN!...
HERE'S YOUR GUN.



6

A No. 2. Johnny Lujack was quarterback for Notre Dame's 1947 football team.

MY PLOT TO WRECK THE BRIDGE FAILED, THANKS TO YOU, BUT MY DYNAMITE CHARGE WON'T!



HA! HERE COMES THE TRUCK NOW! OUT OF MY WAY! I'LL CRUSH IT WITH AN AVALANCHE!



DIGGS RUSHES TO LIGHT THE DYNAMITE.



THE FUSE SPUTTERS LIKE A VENOMOUS SNAKE.



IT WON'T FIRE! IT'S JAMMED!



AS DICK TACKLES HIM, DIGGS DROPS HIS GUN AND DRAWS HIS KNIFE.

THIS KNIFE'LL BE JAMMED TOO... RIGHT INTO YOU!



7

Q No. 3. What verb on this page also means pulverized tobacco?

AS THEY CRASH TO THE GROUND,
DIGGS'S ELBOW CONTACTS A ROCK.
THE KNIFE FLIES FROM HIS
HAND.



STRUGGLING IN DESPERATE COMBAT, THEY
ROLL TO THE VERY EDGE OF THE CLIFF.

THAT DYNAMITE 'LL
GO ANY MOMENT!
YOU CAN'T
STOP IT!

HE'S GOT THE
STRENGTH OF
A MADMAN!



SUDDENLY, THE
BATTLES
TOPPLE OVER
THE BRINK
OF THE
CLIFF!

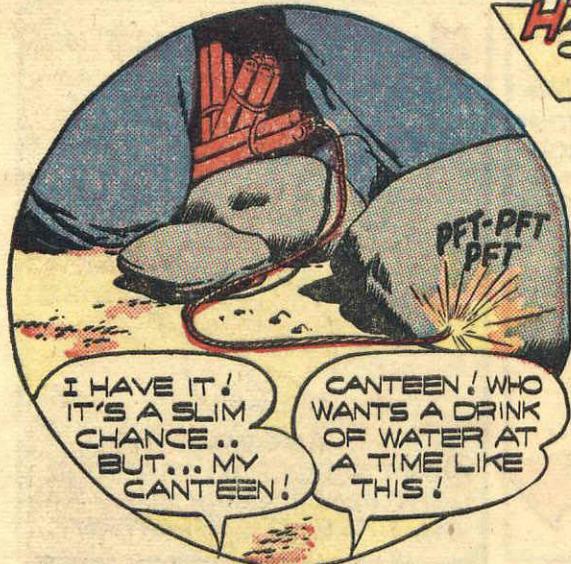


DICK CLUTCHES DESPERATELY AT THE
ROPE SIMBA IS CLIMBING, AS DIGGS
HURTLES DOWN TO HIS DOOM.

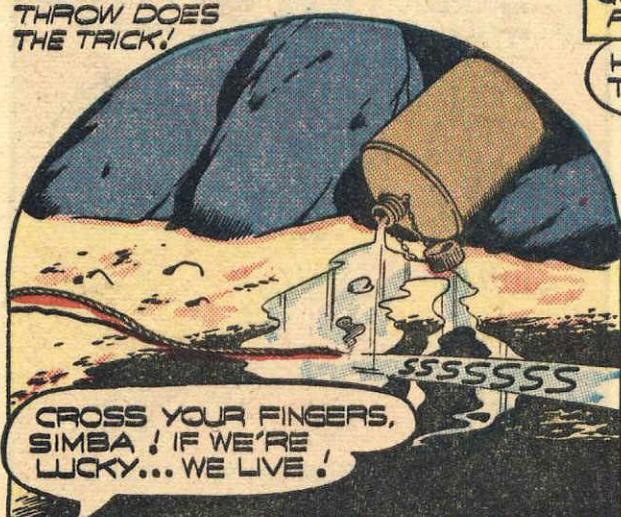


A No. 3. Snuff is pulverized tobacco. Men of the 17th and 18th centuries indulged freely.

HHANGING BY ONE HAND, DICK UNSCREWS THE CAP OF HIS CANTEEN WITH HIS TEETH, AND FLINGS THE CANTEEN UPWARDS.



DICK'S AMAZINGLY ACCURATE THROW DOES THE TRICK!



QUICKLY SIMBA AND DICK SKIN UP THE ROPE TO THE CLIFF'S LEDGE.

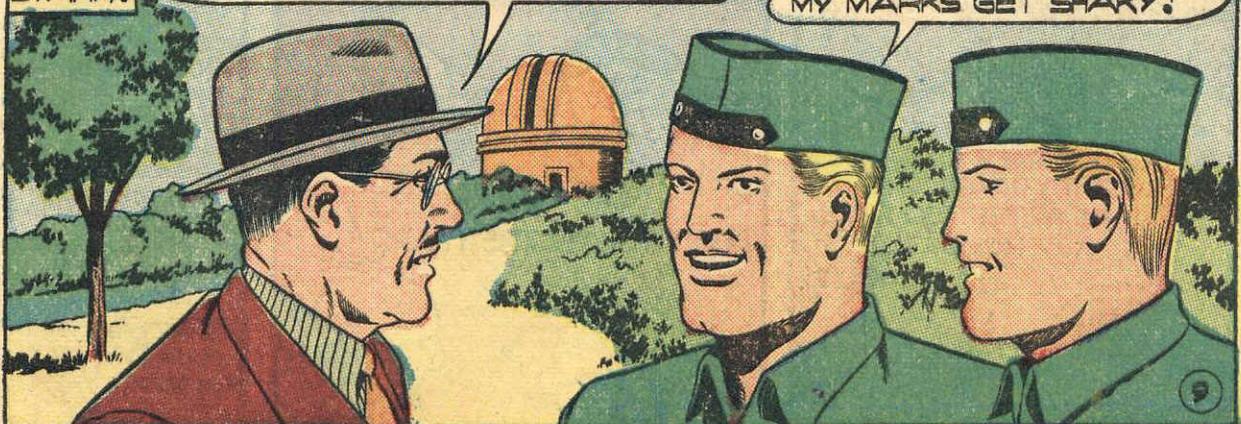
HURRAY! WE MADE IT, SIMBA! WHEW! THE FUSE IS OUT! THE DISK IS SAVED! I FEEL WEAK!



LATER,
ATOP
MT.
STARR.

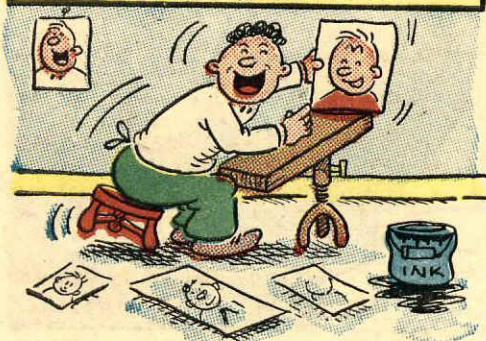
PITIFUL ABOUT DIGGS'S TRAGIC END. BUT YOU LADS PERFORMED A GREAT SERVICE FOR SCIENCE! I AM INDEED GRATEFUL TO YOU.

THANKS, PROFESSOR. PUT THAT IN WRITING AND I'LL SHOW IT TO OUR SCIENCE INSTRUCTOR THE NEXT TIME MY MARKS GET SHAKY!



EASY CARTOONING

by MILT HAMMER



LESSON 5 MORE EXPRESSIONS.

NOW THAT YOU ALL KNOW HOW TO DRAW SOME EXPRESSIONS, LET'S GO ON WITH A FEW MORE. THIS IS ANOTHER VERY IMPORTANT LESSON, SO WATCH VERY CLOSELY...



HERE ARE NEW EXPRESSIONS TO TRY...



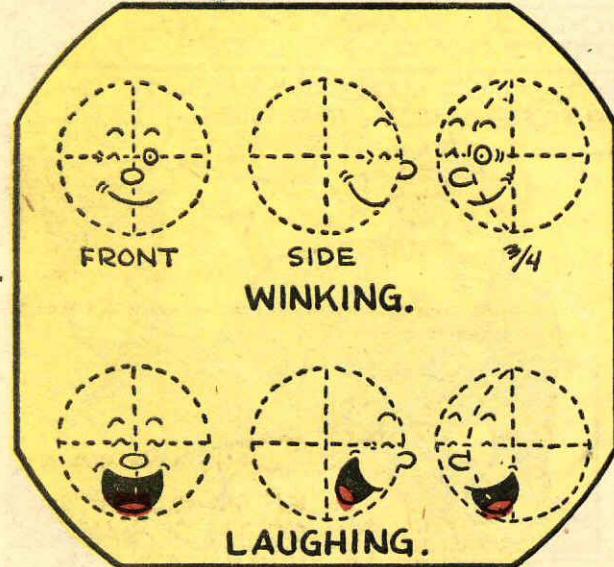
SMILE



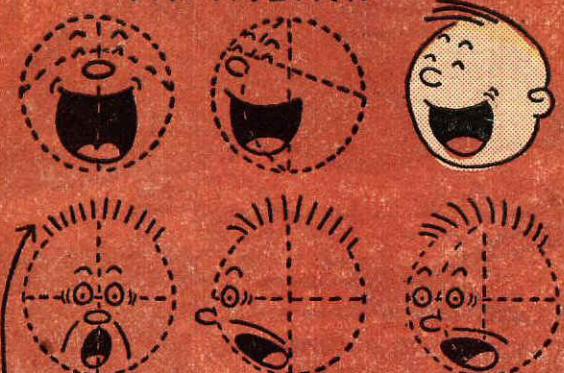
SURPRISE

ANGER

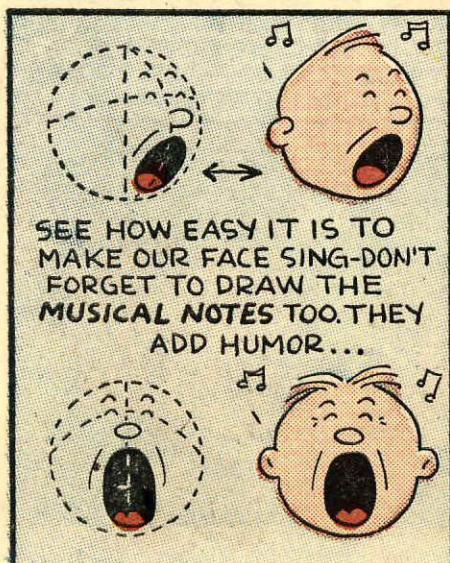
DON'T FORGET TO USE YOUR LIGHT PENCIL GUIDE LINES AT ALL TIMES - IT'S IMPORTANT...



IF YOU REALLY WANT YOUR CARTOON FACE TO LAUGH - TILT THE HEAD BACK A BIT...



PUTTING TERROR ON YOUR FACE - NOTICE HOW WE DRAW HAIR...



HERE'S THE WAY OUR KID BROTHER ACTS WHEN WE TAKE AWAY HIS ICE CREAM CONE...



EXPRESSIONS AREN'T SO HARD TO DRAW - HERE'S A GOOD IDEA - LOOK IN A MIRROR AND MAKE YOUR OWN FUNNY EXPRESSIONS. THEN DRAW SOME OF THEM ON SCRAP PAPER. WATCH YOUR FRIENDS' EXPRESSIONS AND DRAW THEM TOO.

THANKS FOR YOUR MANY LETTERS, I APPRECIATE THEM.

Look, kids! SWELL NEW BIRD PICTURES



24 birds to get!
Start collecting now!

Glorious red-winged blackbird, pet parakeets, wise old screech owl—birds you may already know and love! True-to-life pictures in natural, glowing color with the story of each bird given on the back. Each picture $2\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. You'll want all twenty-four to save and swap!

No wait! No work! You get one of these slick new bird pictures in every package of delicious, crisp, crunchy Kellogg's Krumbles! You'll love their malty flavor—and Mother will love their rich, whole-wheat nourishment. So good for you. Get her to get a box today!

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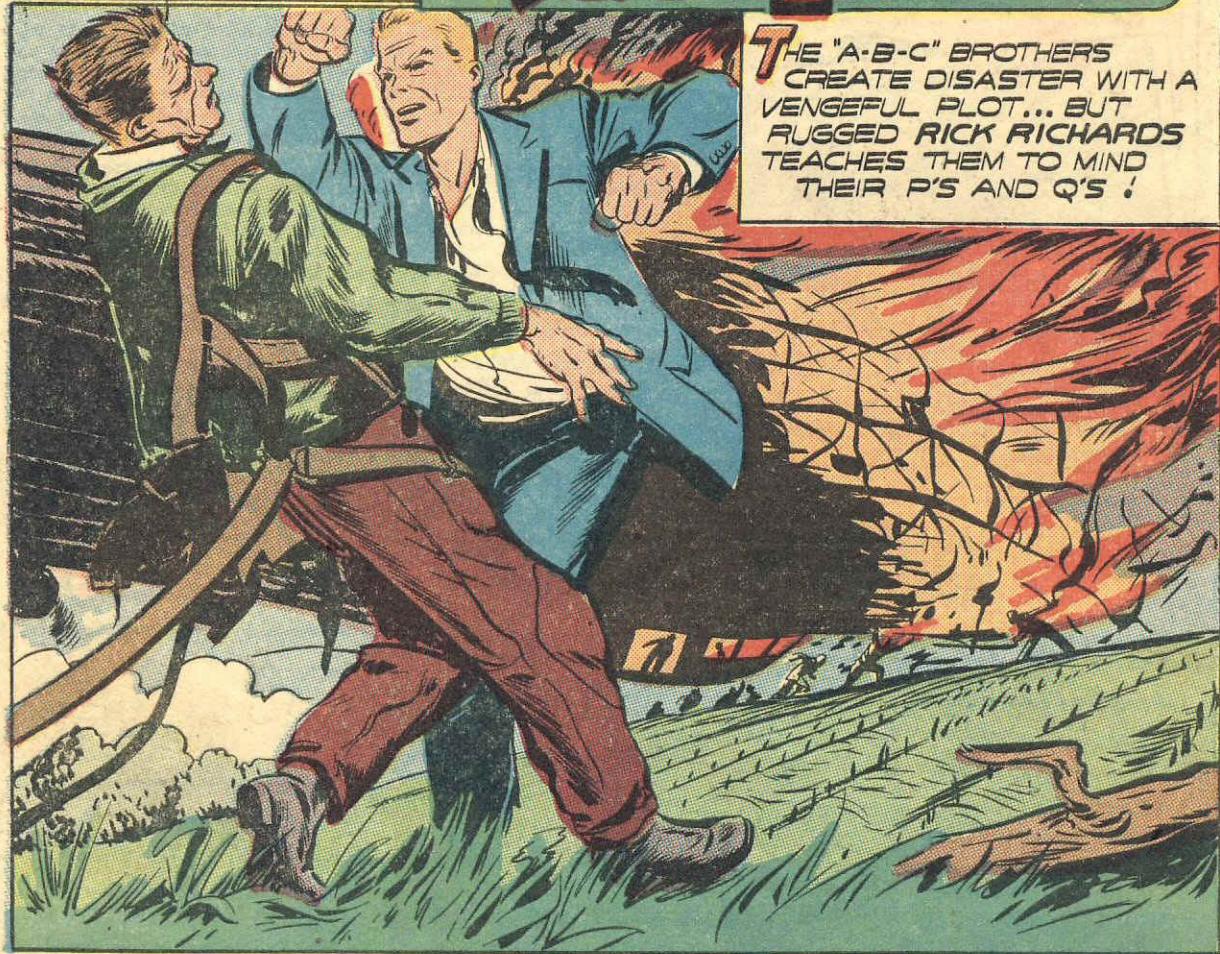
These prizes are enclosed in packages of Kellogg's Krumbles sold in U.S. only.

Kellogg's KRUMBLES — picture in every package



MILT HAMMER

Rick Richards



RICK BIDS FAREWELL TO ANN AND TOMMY BANKER AND THEIR UNCLE JED.

WE'RE OFF TO SOUTH AMERICA, RICK! IT'S THE AIR QUEEN'S FIRST FLIGHT.

UNCLE JED PLANS TO BUILD A WHOLE FLEET OF DIRIGIBLES. THINK I SHOULD INVEST IN IT?

FRANKLY... NO!



IT'S IMPRACTICAL,
ANN. CAN'T COMPETE
WITH AIRPLANES.
YOU'D LOSE A
MINT.

POPPYCOCK!
YOU INHERITED
THE RICHARDS
MILLIONS, BUT

THAT DOESN'T
MAKE YOU A
FINANCIAL
AUTHORITY!

I'M SORRY, SIR!
I JUST DON'T
THINK IT'S A
GOOD IDEA!

BAH! YOU'RE
A STUBBORN,
PIGHEADED,
OBSTINATE
YOUNG IDIOT!

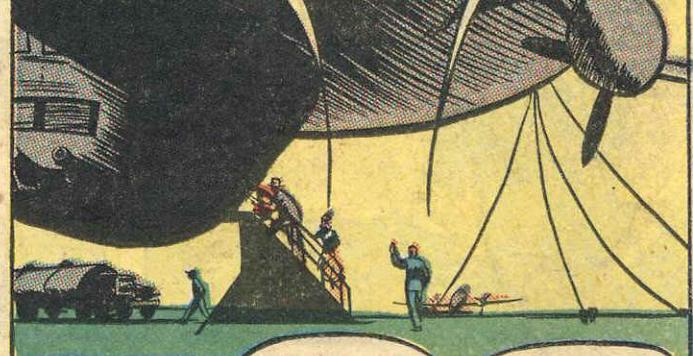


A LITTLE
FAREWELL
PRESENT FOR
YOU, TOMMY.

NO! WE'LL
TAKE *NOTHING*
FROM YOU!
GOOD-BYE,
SIR!

GOOD-BYE, RICK.
DON'T MIND UNCLE
JED. HE'LL COOL
OFF!

HAPPY LANDINGS,
ANN. WIRE ME
FROM RIO.



A FEW MINUTES
LATER...

HEY! GET AWAY
FROM THERE,
SAP!

GET OUT
OF HERE! NO
SMOKING
ALLOWED!

AW, TAKE IT
EASY,
MR. BLICK!



HMM. BLICK WAS IN CHARGE OF
FILLING THE DIRIGIBLE WITH HELIUM...
YET HE ACTS AS IF THAT "HELIUM"
MAY REALLY BE "HYDROGEN"!

SEEMS FANTASTIC ... BUT A
LITTLE EXPERIMENT IS IN
ORDER!



RICK TOUCHES A MATCH TO THE
BAG OF GAS ... WHICH BURSTS
INTO FLAME!

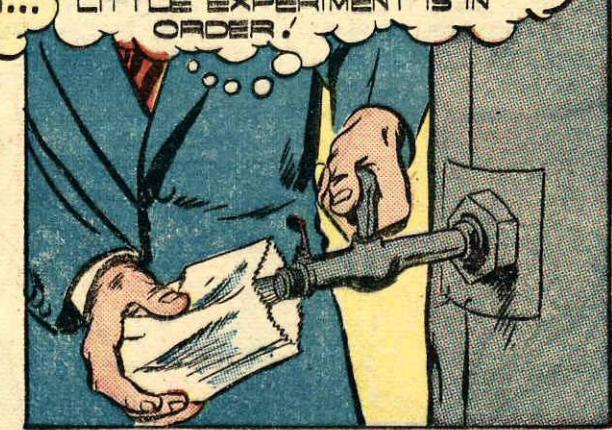
WHEW! IT IS HYDROGEN! HYDROGEN
BURNS, HELIUM DOESN'T. THE
BANKERS MAY BE IN DANGER.
I'VE GOT TO FIND
OUT!



SINCE WE OWE YEAH, WE'LL
HIM A LOT OF PLAY SAFE
DOUGH, HE AND WIPE OUT
MAY TRY THE WHOLE BANKER
TO. CREW WITH ONE
BLOW!

CHARLIE WILL TAKE OFF SOON,
OVERTAKE THE AIR QUEEN IN A
REMOTE SPOT, LET GO WITH A
FEW INCENDIARY BULLETS,
AND ... POOF!

NO... OH!



RICK HURRIES AFTER AL BLICK.

HI, BEN! I DID IT!
THE AIR QUEEN
IS FULL OF
HYDROGEN!

GOOD! JED
BANKER WILL
NEVER TAKE OVER
OUR BUSINESS!



THIS GUY
MUSTA HEARD
EVERYTHING YOU
LOUDMOUTHS
SAID. LUCKY
I SAW HIM
SNOOPING !

GOOD
WORK,
CHARLIE !
YOU TAKE
CARE OF
THE AIR
QUEEN, WE'LL
TAKE CARE
OF THIS
GUY !



SOON, IN THE EXPERIMENTAL WIND TUNNEL...

SO LONG, CHUM ! FEELING
WARM ? WE'LL WHIP UP
A BREEZE TO COOL
YOU OFF !

HAW ! THE 300-
MILE-AN-HOUR
BLAST IS SO
STRONG YOU CAN'T
BREATHE ! YOU'LL
SUFFOCATE !



THE HUGE MACHINE IS STARTED. THE WIND.
BLOWS FASTER AND FASTER, HARDER AND
HARDER ...

RIPPING THE CLOTHES
RIGHT OFF MY BACK ! AND
I CAN HARDLY BREATHE !



(GASP !) ... CAN'T LAST MUCH
LONGER ... EVEN TRUMPET BLEW
OUT ... AND THAT GIVES ME AN
IDEA !

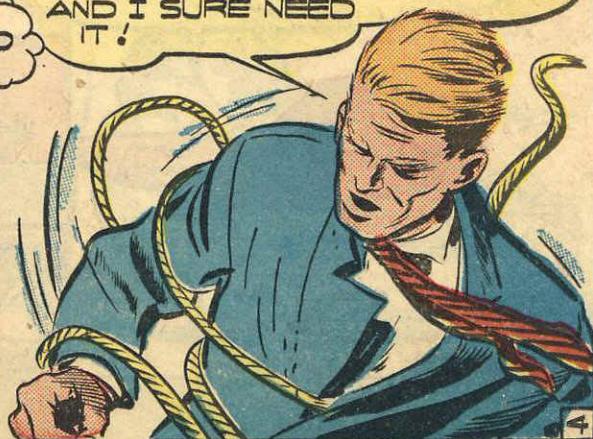


RICK CLAMPS THE TRUMPET DOWN.
THE MIGHTY WIND MAKES IT
SOUND A MIGHTY BLAST !

IT WORKED ! NOW, IF A SUDDEN LOUD
NOISE HAS ITS USUAL EFFECT ...



GREAT ! A FLOOD OF NEW
STRENGTH FROM THOSE TRICK
ADRENAL GLANDS OF MINE ...
AND I SURE NEED
IT !



THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE ABOARD THE AIR QUEEN ! I'VE GOT TO ACT FAST !

THERE GOES CHARLIE ! SOON JED BANKER WILL BE OUT OF THE WAY !



THAT'S ALL FOR NOW, RATS ! I'LL FINISH THE JOB, LATER !



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

JED'S TOO STUBBORN TO LISTEN. I'LL HAVE TO HEAD OFF CHARLIE MYSELF !

RICK RUSHES TO WARN THE AIR QUEEN BY RADIO, BUT HIS WARNING IS UNHEeded.

SO A MANIAC IS GOING TO SHOOT US DOWN, EH ? POPPYCOCK ! I WON'T FALL FOR YOUR PRACTICAL JOKES, SOREHEAD !

PLEASE, JED ...



FOLLOW THAT GUY ! HE'S OUT TO FOUL UP OUR PLAN !



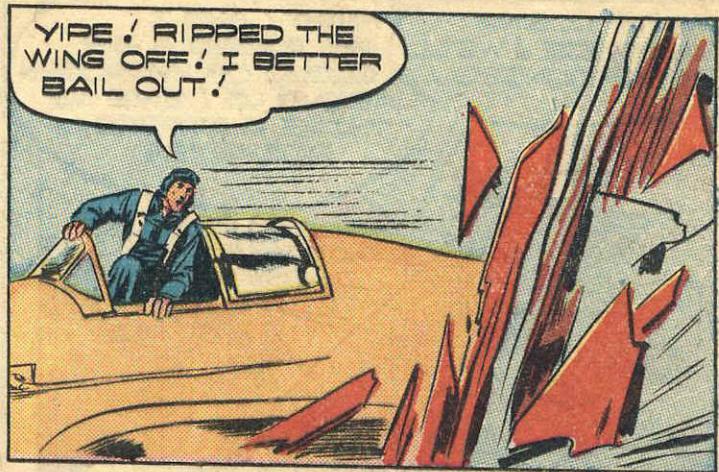
A No. 5. The wind should be moving at more than 75 miles per hour.

RICK OVERTAKES CHARLIE BLACK.

THERE'S THE AIR QUEEN. I'LL ZOOM DOWN AND GIVE IT A FEW BULLETS!

HE'S SIGHTED THE QUEEN! NOW HOW CAN I STOP HIM FROM SHOOTING HER DOWN?

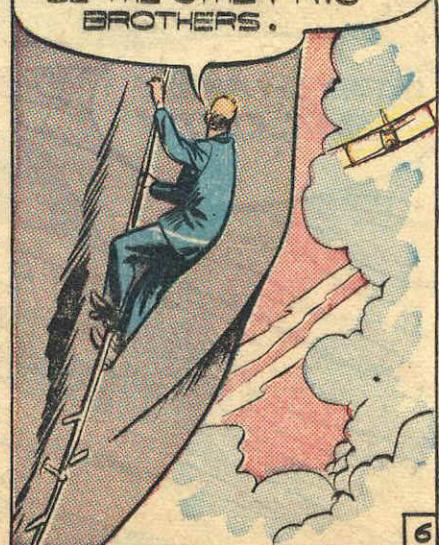
WITHOUT GUNS, I'VE ONLY ONE COURSE ... TO CRASH RIGHT INTO HIM! HERE GOES!

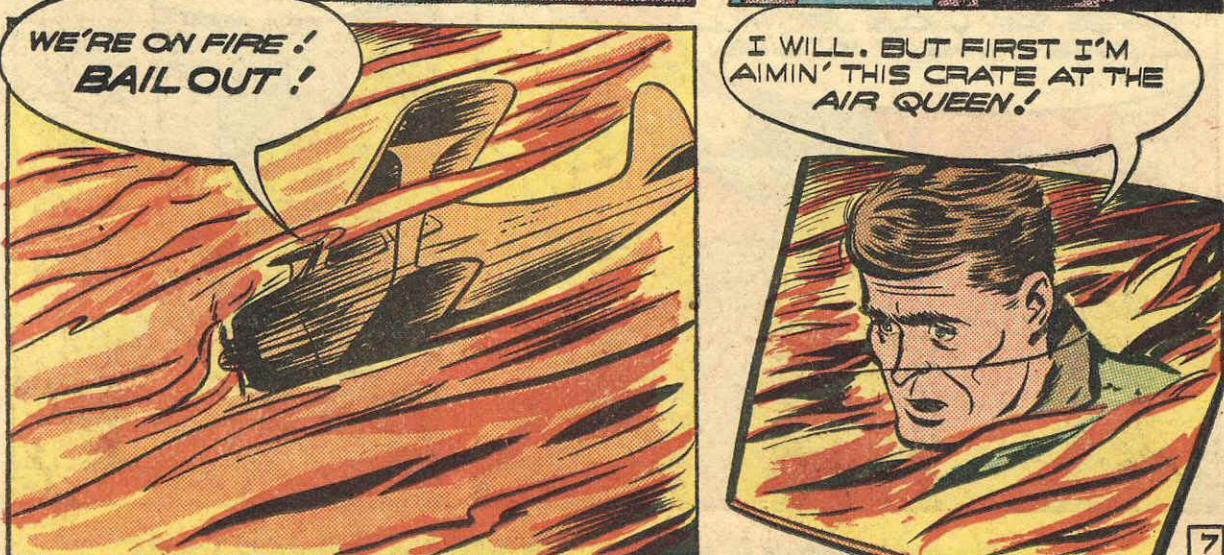
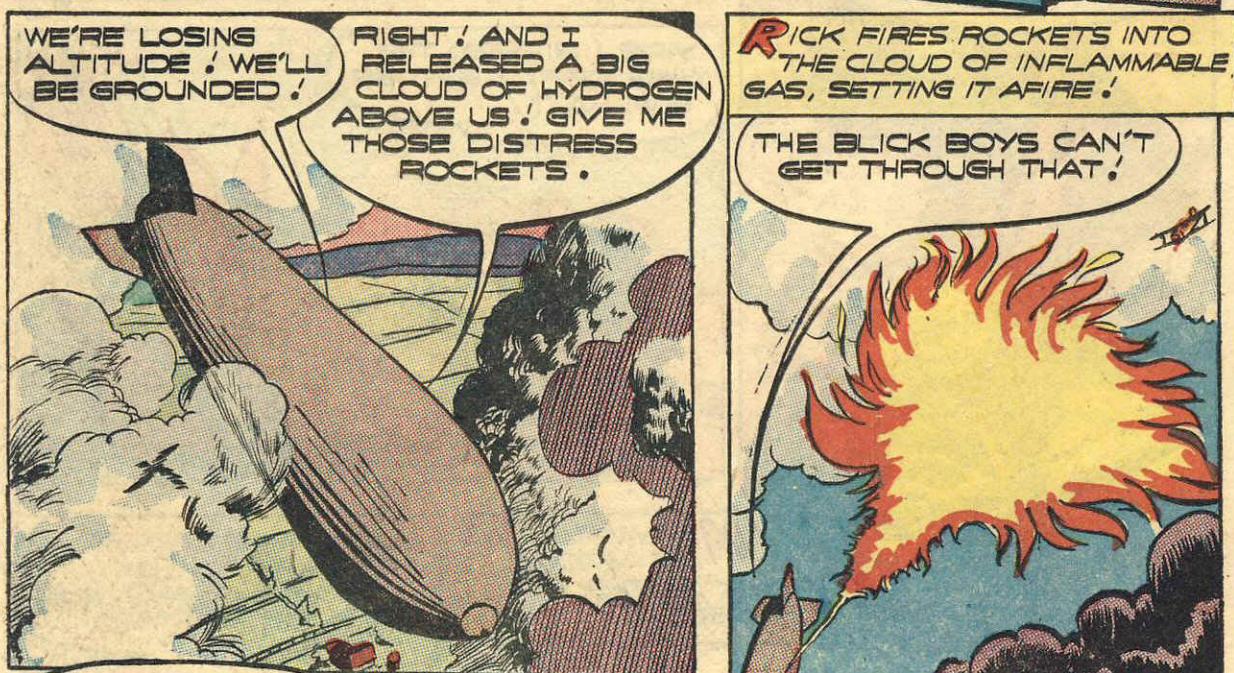
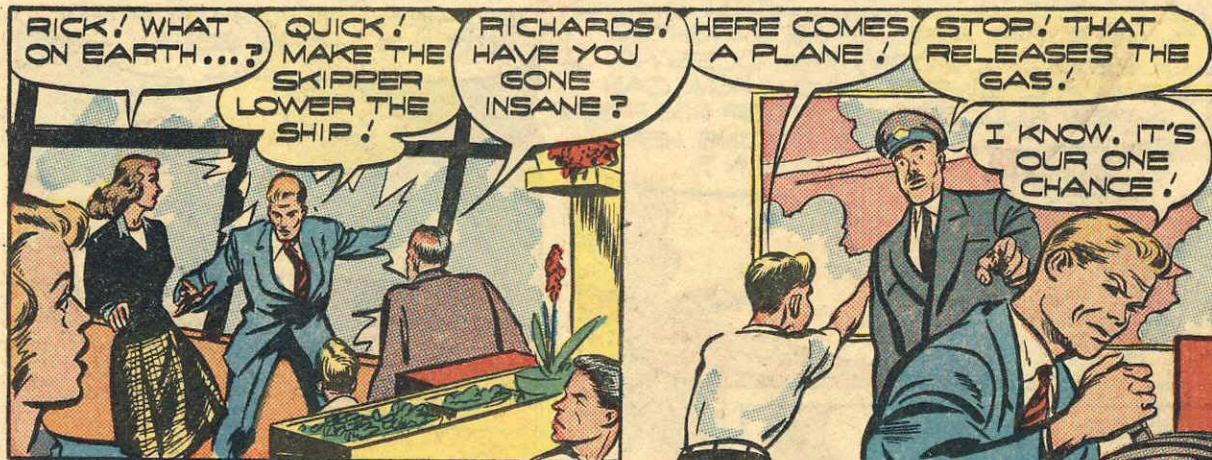


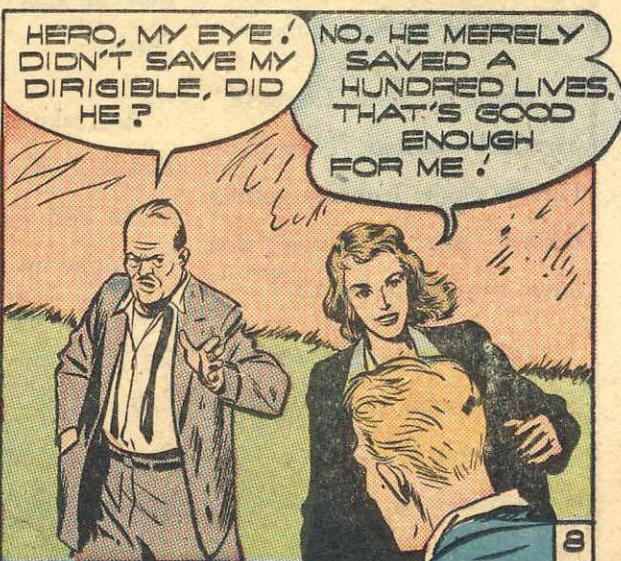
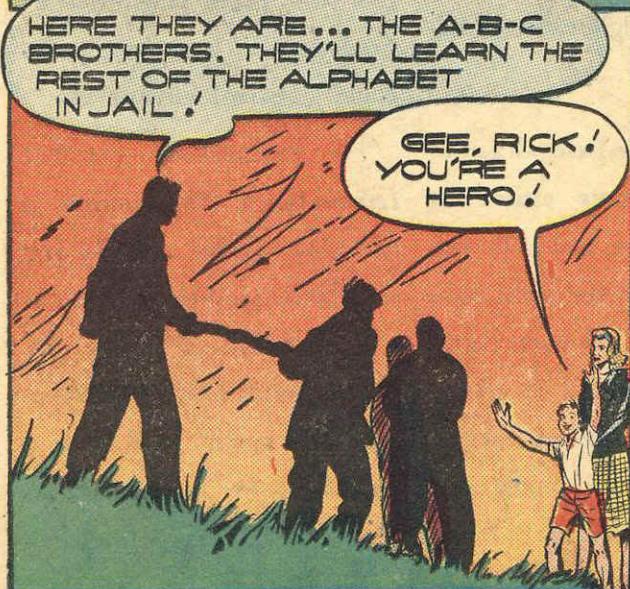
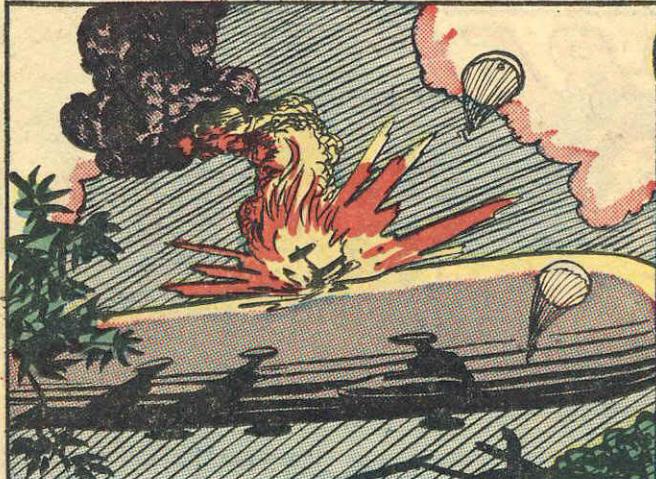
MEANWHILE, ON THE IMMENSE BULK OF THE DIRIGIBLE ...

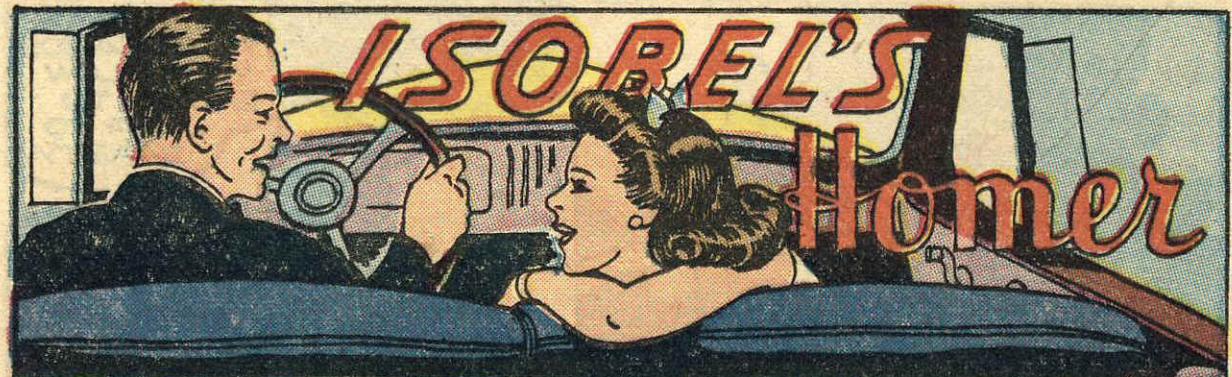
MAYBE NOW UNCLE JED WILL BELIEVE I WASN'T KIDDING!

LUCKY THIS LADDER WAS HERE. OH-OH! ANOTHER PLANE. MUST BE THE OTHER TWO BROTHERS.









THIS had to be it, Johnnie decided wearily. The last time he would walk up this path. Recalling how many times he had done so, he felt a twinge of regret that he hadn't seen the light before.

Johnnie rang the bell. It took nerve to tell Isobel he was through. But a guy would have to be nuts to become involved with her. That shy act she put on—

The door opened. Johnnie stared blankly into the beaming face of Isobel's father.

"Come in, John. Come in," Mr. Carter invited. "Nice night. Have a chair. Isobel is getting dressed—say, did you see that latest trophy she won?"

Inwardly Johnnie snorted. Show him the trophy? Why, she had won about everything she had ever tackled. Or . . . well, almost. Maybe it was a

little farfetched to think of himself as a trophy, but Johnnie was darned good and sure she wasn't going to hang him up with the rest of her medals!

Automatically, Johnnie's thoughts reverted to the first informal swim meet they had had, earlier in the summer, and how he had teamed up against Isobel in the finals.

Isobel had beat him that day, and for weeks everybody Johnnie knew had reminded him of that ignominious defeat!

And take that baseball game! Isobel had come attired in slacks and shirt and with her hair done up in the usual bun. She had wanted to play, claiming shyly she could hit pretty well. Only Johnnie hadn't figured then she could, and had doggedly refused. She had showed up instead on the In-

juns' team. She had connected and slammed the ball far out into left field for a homer!

Johnnie surreptitiously mopped perspiration from his forehead, came down to solid earth as he heard Mr. Carter still talking.

" . . . and that pistol meet was the best yet," Mr. Carter was chatting. "Some of the finest shots in the country were competing in that match . . ."

Johnnie winced. An expert rifle and pistol shot! All he needed was a woman who could outshoot anyone else!

He remembered the last famous meet. The pictures in the paper. Isobel in slacks and shirt, with her hair done up in a bun, standing beside the judges' stand with an eighteen-inch gold trophy, and holding the rifle in her hand. A 30-06 Springfield it was, Johnnie recalled.

"... good up to a thousand yards," Mr. Carter was still chatting. "Isobel fitted that stock herself. Did all the in-letting. She's pretty clever . . . oh-oh, guess it's time for me to go. See you, John!"

And the room was empty but for Johnnie. He came to his feet automatically. He heard footsteps approaching. Must be Isobel. Would she go to the dance in slacks and a white sport shirt and her hair done up in a bun? Would she—

Johnnie felt suddenly dizzy. A lithe figure entered the room. A gossamer dream in a blue evening gown. No hair done up in a bun, either. Instead, it lay like rolled copper on soft, creamy shoulders . . .

"Hello, Johnnie. Did you wait long?"

"Uh . . ." Johnnie muttered. "I . . . guess we'll . . . start . . ."

She looked at him once, then they were going out and were in the car, driving through the night to the dance.

He came down to earth completely to hear Isobel saying, ". . . if you'd rather, we could

go riding, Johnnie. I . . . it will be sort of stuffy dancing. Besides, you had something you wanted to talk with me about. Remember?"

Yes. He remembered that little speech he'd had all ready. About how he felt they weren't suited and besides he was planning on a business course at college, and it would be next year before—

Before what? Johnnie looked at her. "Sure. A ride—probably a little fresh air would be good."

They drove outside of town and down along the river. Johnnie parked the car. He turned and looked at Isobel beside him, the shimmering blue gown spread out about her on the seat so as not to wrinkle it. She looked like . . . like something out of this world, dream-like . . .

Her smile was soft and teasing. "What was it you wanted to talk about, Johnnie?"

Johnnie gulped. "Not . . . much, I guess." He still felt woozy . . . punch-drunk. "Just that I was wondering—what you thought of my taking a

finisher in business — college—"

"I think it would be fine," the girl answered, still smiling at him. She turned around, laying her soft bare arm on the back of the seat, resting her chin on it and watching him. "Big plans, Johnnie?"

He nodded. "Right. Uh . . . figure on a home, things like that. Worthwhile things."

The dream nodded. "I think it's wonderful. And . . . I can do other things than swim and . . . shoot, Johnnie." She was silent for a moment and looking at her, he realized there was a new glow about her face, a soft look of happiness. "I can cook. Make better pie crust than mother. What's your favorite pie, Johnnie?"

"Apple," he answered promptly.

He felt weak but happy. He thought, what a boner I almost pulled. Must be nearsighted or something. Why, Isobel's the most wonderful girl in the world. There . . . there just isn't anything she can't do!

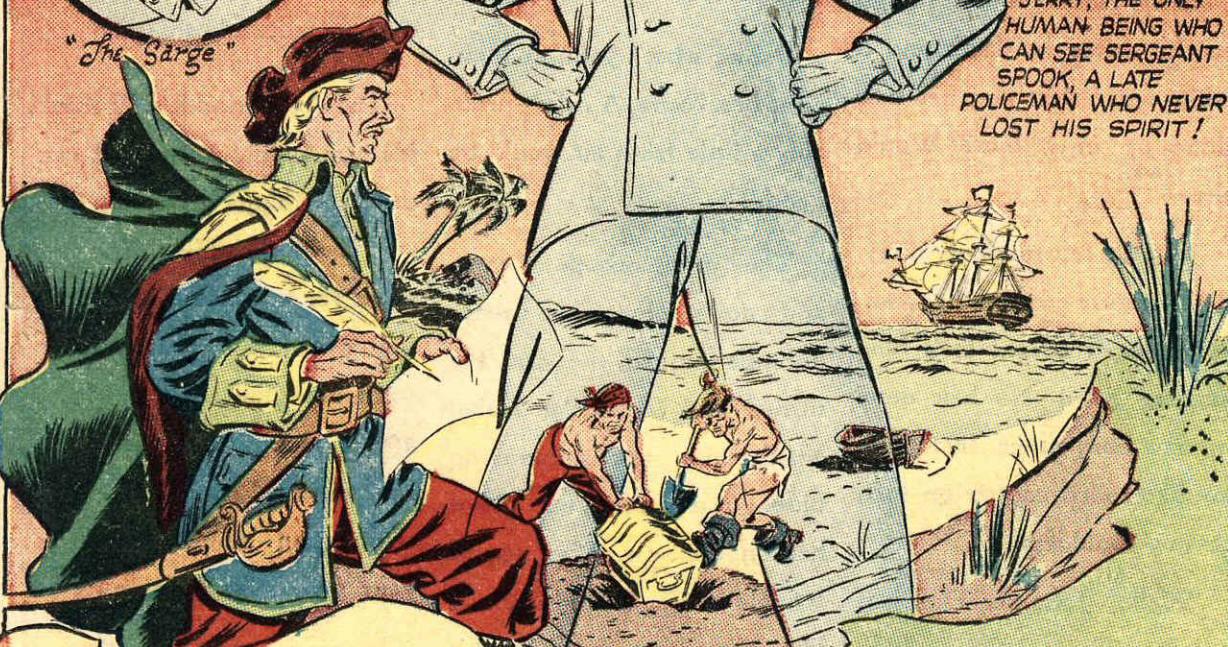
THE END

Sergeant Spook

ART
J. MEDITZ

"The Sarge"

"JERRY", THE ONLY HUMAN BEING WHO CAN SEE SERGEANT SPOOK, A LATE POLICEMAN WHO NEVER LOST HIS SPIRIT!

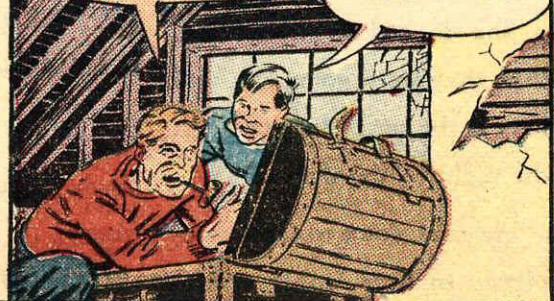


IN 1690, CAPTAIN KIDD MARKED A MAP WITH THE LOCATION OF BURIED TREASURE, LITTLE REALIZING THAT THAT CHEST OF HIDDEN GOLD WOULD BE THE OBJECT OF AN EXCITING SEARCH BY SERGEANT SPOOK AND JERRY, 258 YEARS LATER!

JERRY IS HELPING A RETIRED SEAMAN FRIEND, CAP'N MARLIN, TO TIDY UP HIS ATTIC, WHEN--

BUST M' BARNACLES, JERRY... LOOKA HERE!

CAP'N! IT'S A REAL, OLD, OLD MAP!

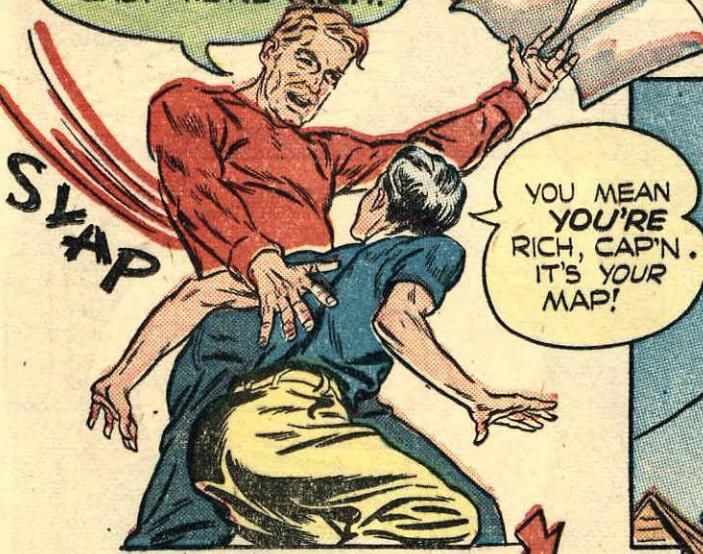


BLAST ME FER A ONE-EYED PIRATE! LOOKIT-- IN THE CORNER!

GOSH!

IT'S SIGNED BY CAPTAIN KIDD - THE FAMOUS PIRATE!

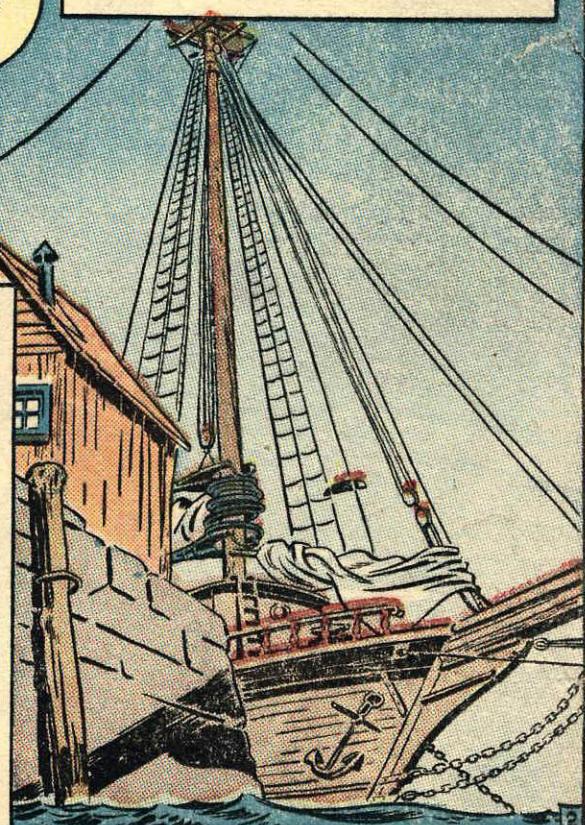
A TREASURE MAP LAD! WE'RE RICH!



DO YOU TAKE ME FER A TIGHTWAD, LAD? WE'LL BOTH OUTFIT US A SHIP AND GO LOOKIN' FER THE TREASURE ... AND WE'LL SPLIT THE GOLD FIFTY-FIFTY WHEN WE FIND IT!

GEE!

True to his word, Cap'n Marlin invests his life savings in a two-masted schooner, and he and Jerry prepare to sail for the treasure island!



Q No. 7. In what body of water are the islands of Jersey and Guernsey?

BUT, THE NIGHT BEFORE THEY PLAN TO SAIL, THREE SINISTER FIGURES PROWL THE DOCKS...

THE OLD MAN KEEPS THE MAP LOCKED UP IN THE CABIN AMIDSHIP. I HEARD HIM TALKING TO THE KID!

I'LL GET THE MAP...KEEP YOUR EYES AND EARS OPEN TILL I GET BACK!

AYE, AYE, CHIEF!

STEALTHILY, THE TRIO SLIPS THROUGH THE QUIET HARBOR WATERS

YOU GOT IT, CHIEF?

YEAH! WON'T BARNACLE BILL AND THAT SMART-ALEC KID BE SURPRISED WHEN THEY FIND IT'S GONE!

A No. 7. In the English Channel near the coast of Normandy.

NEXT MORNING--

GEE, CAP'N MARLIN,
WE'LL NEVER FIND
THE TREASURE WITH-
OUT THAT MAP!

GONE!
BOX AND ALL!

GUESS WE'RE
SUNK, SON...WE
MIGHT AS WELL
SEND OUR SHIP
TO DAVY JONES'S
LOCKER TOO!

WAIT!
THERE'S ONE
PERSON WHO
CAN HELP US!
SPOOK! OH,
SPOOK!

WHAT'S UP,
JERRY?

WHOM ARE YOU CALLING,
LAD?

SORRY, SIR!
BUT YOU WON'T BE
ABLE TO SEE HIM.
HE'S A GHOST!

WELL,
I'LL BE--

JERRY EXPLAINS TO
SPOOK...

--AND THAT'S THE
STORY, SPOOK. THE CAP'N
SPENT HIS LAST CENT TO
OUTFIT HIS SHIP... AND
NOW SOMEONE HAS
STOLEN THE MAP!

COME ALONG, JERRY.
WE'LL TAKE A TRIP
TO GHOST TOWN
AND SEE THE
OLD PIRATE
IN PERSON!

I'LL BE BACK
SOON, CAP'N
MARLIN!

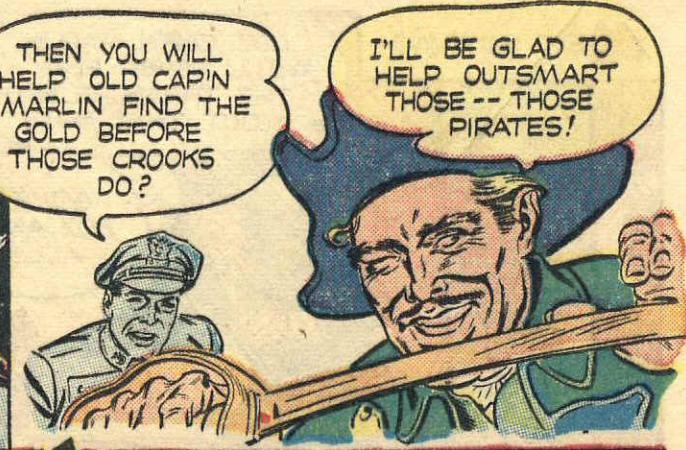
UMMM... AND
CAPTAIN KIDD'S
SIGNATURE WAS ON
THAT MAP, EH?

AT GHOST TOWN, IN THE CAVE
OF THE PIRATES...

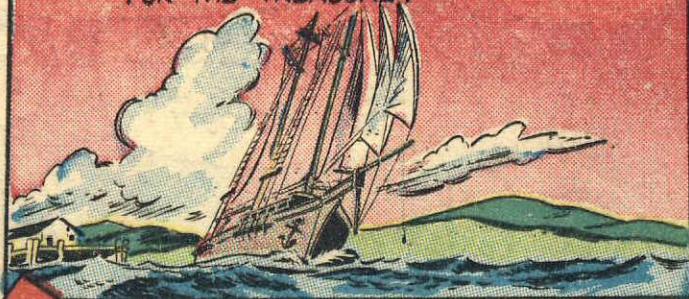
WHY, YES,
SPOOK... I
REMEMBER WELL
THE LOCATION OF
THAT TREASURE.
WE NEVER DID GET
AROUND TO DIGGING
IT UP!

THEN YOU WILL
HELP OLD CAP'N
MARLIN FIND THE
GOLD BEFORE
THOSE CROOKS
DO?

I'LL BE GLAD TO
HELP OUTSMART
THOSE -- THOSE
PIRATES!



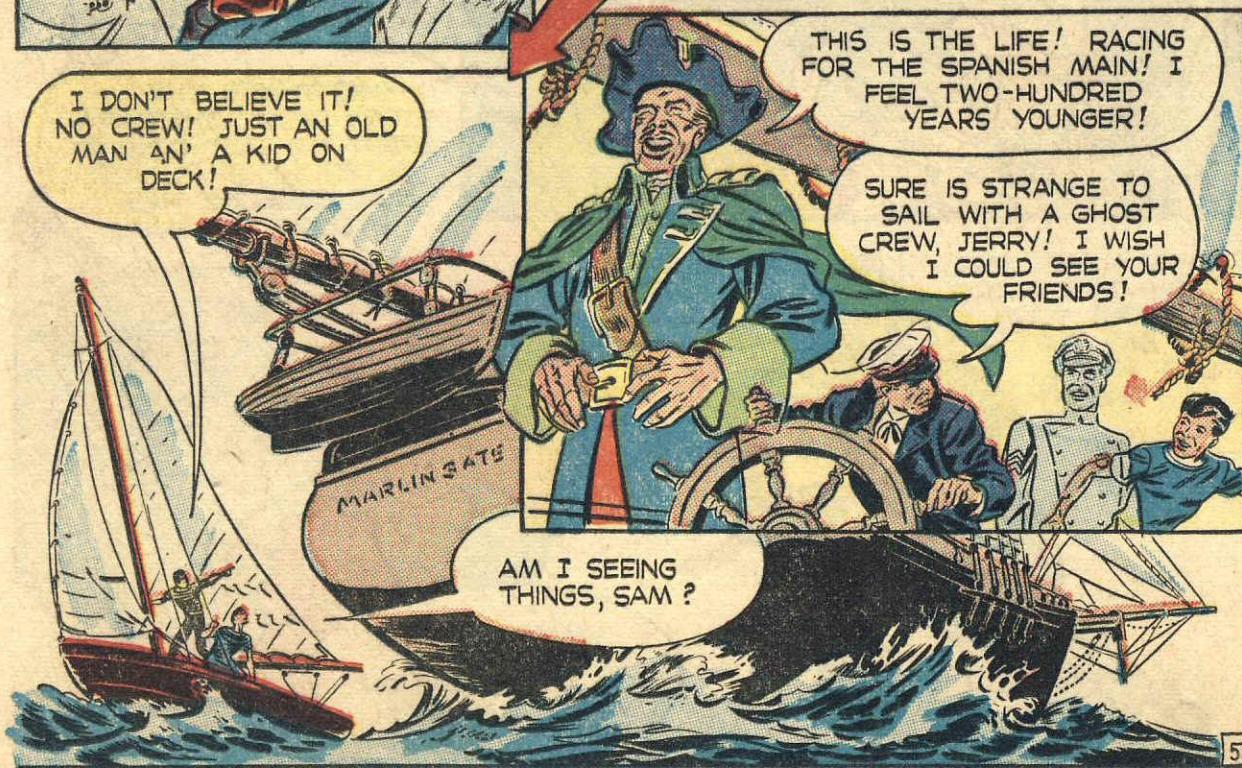
WITH A GHOST CREW OF
CAPTAIN KIDD AND HIS
BUCCANEERS, SPOOK, JERRY,
AND CAP'N MARLIN RACE
CHIEF UBEL AND HIS MEN
FOR THE TREASURE!



I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
NO CREW! JUST AN OLD
MAN AN' A KID ON
DECK!

THIS IS THE LIFE! RACING
FOR THE SPANISH MAIN! I
FEEL TWO-HUNDRED
YEARS YOUNGER!

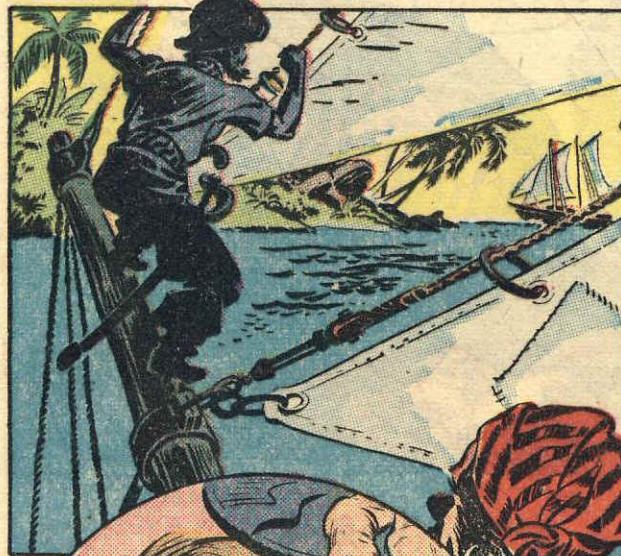
SURE IS STRANGE TO
SAIL WITH A GHOST
CREW, JERRY! I WISH
I COULD SEE YOUR
FRIENDS!



AM I SEEING
THINGS, SAM?

A N.O.E. A commander, one rank below a captain.

AS THEY APPROACH THE ISLE OF BURIED TREASURE, A SHIP LOOMS ON THE HORIZON...

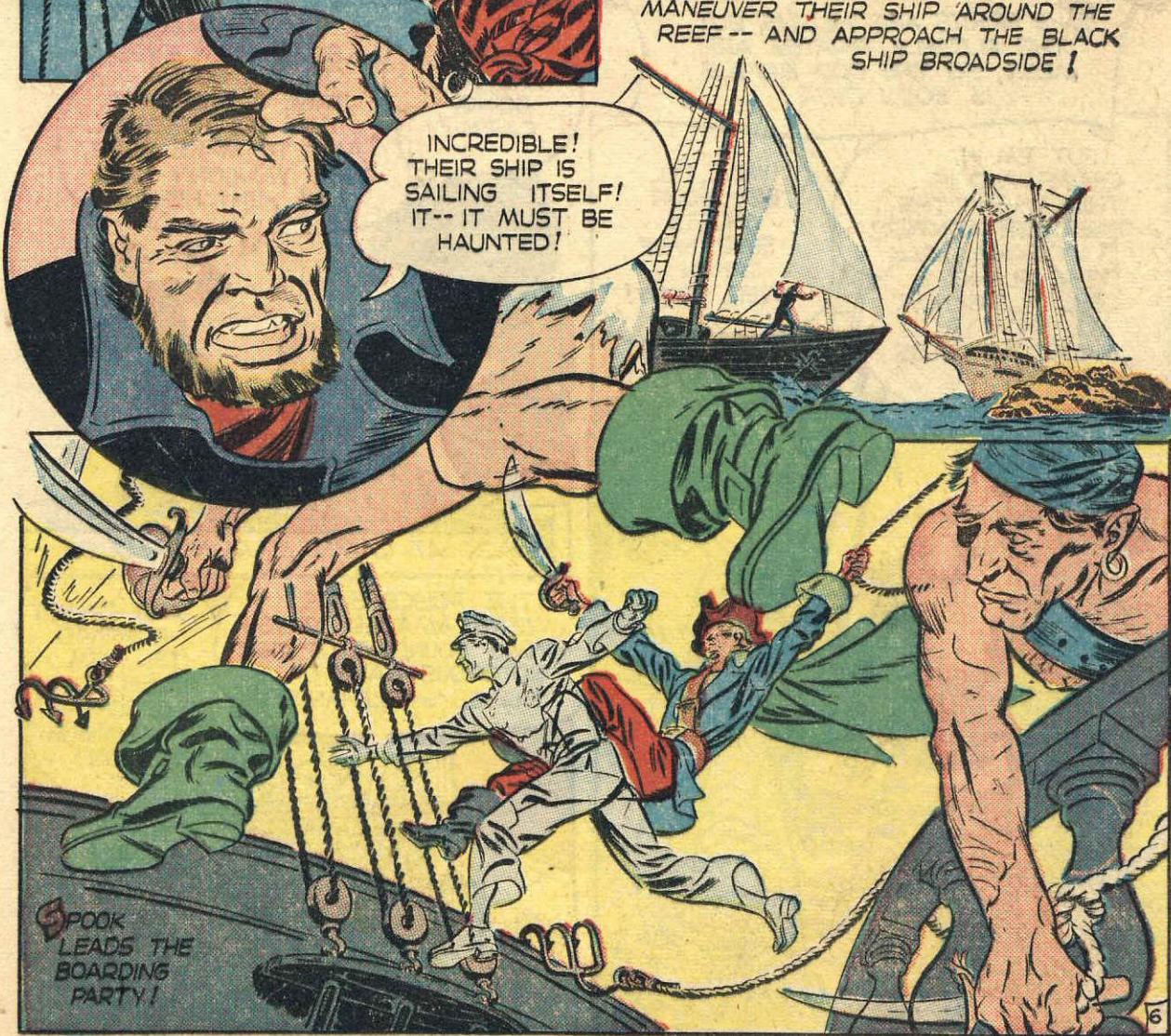


ABOARD THE OTHER SHIP...

THERE'S NOBODY ABOARD BUT THE OLD MAN AND THE KID--WE'LL RUN 'EM INTO THE REEF!



BUT CAPT. KIDD AND HIS GHOST CREW SKILLFULLY MANEUVER THEIR SHIP 'ROUND THE REEF -- AND APPROACH THE BLACK SHIP BROADSIDE !



SPOOK LEADS THE BOARDING PARTY!

Q No. 9. Was the Admiral Benbow a pirate ship, an inn, or an old sea-dog?

WHAT'S
HAPPENING?
YEOW!

YOU CAN'T SEE THIS,
BUT YOU CAN
FEEL IT!

OW! WHO
HIT ME?!

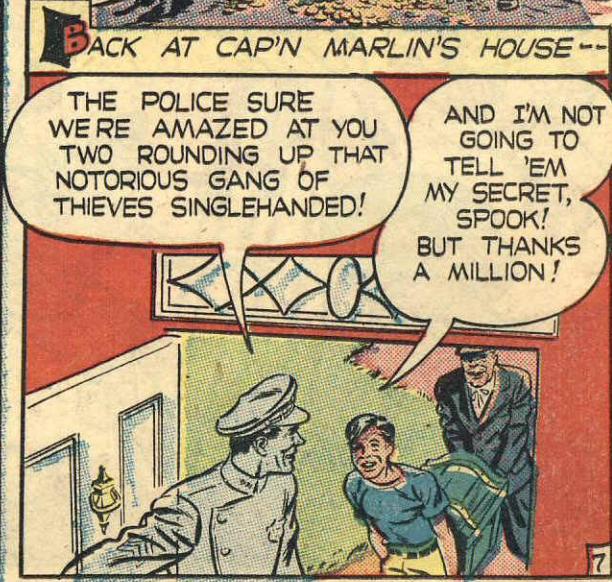
THE SPIRITS ARE WILLING, BUT
THE FLESHLY PIRATES ARE
MEEK, SO THE ODD BATTLE
IS SOON OVER!

PUT 'EM IN
CHAINS, AND IF
THIS WASN'T THE
TWENTIETH CENTURY,
THEY'D ALL WALK
THE PLANK!
COME ALONG NOW,
I'LL SHOW YOU
WHERE THE GOLD'S
HID!

WELL, I'LL
BE-- YOUR
GHOSTS
SURE HAVE
TAKEN
OVER, JERRY!

OH, BOY!

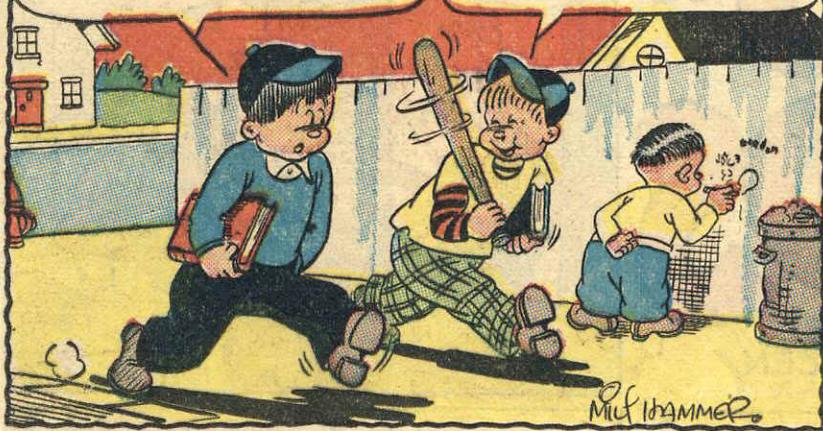
I CAN HARDLY
BELIEVE MY EYES,
SO I'M GONNA
TAKE A BITE INTO
THIS GOLD PIECE...
JUST TO MAKE SURE
THEY WOULDN'T KIDD
ME! HEH! HEH!



Å No. 9. The Admiral Benbow was an inn owned by Jim Hawkins' father in "Treasure Island"

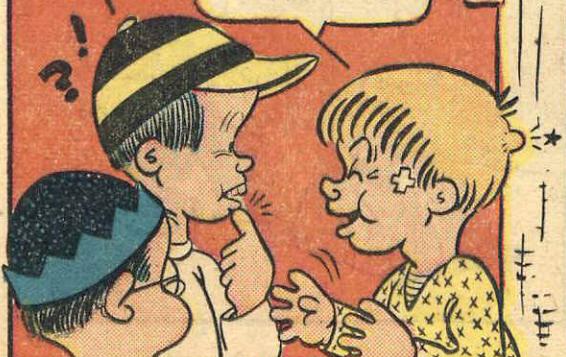
G'WAN - HOW CAN YOUR POP TELL YOUR TEACHER WHERE TO GET OFF ??

VERY EASILY - HE DRIVES THE BUS THAT GOES BY THE SCHOOL!



WHAT D'YA MEAN THE WORLD CAN NEVER COME TO AN END?

'CAUSE IT'S ROUND, ISN'T IT ??



YOU DON'T TRUST ANYONE - I BET YOU EVEN COUNT YOUR MONEY BEFORE A MIRROR !!



ELECTRIC LIGHT JAZZ BOW TIE

Astonish, amaze your friends. Be the life of the party. Have lots of fun. Easily put on. Flashes on and off by simply pressing battery button hidden in your pocket. Complete with attractive bow tie, two bulbs and battery. Mail your order today.

\$1.15



For Laughs **DAFFY DILLY**
For Fun The Wonder Drinking Clown

\$1.15 Greatest Acrobat of All Time

Complete with stand. No springs, no gadgets, no wires, not mechanical. Sensational "Daffy Dilly" somersaults through the air into a glass of water. You'll go wild over him. SEND NO MONEY. Order today, pay postman plus postage and C.O.D. charges when delivered or send money with order and we pay charges.

Five day money-back guarantee.

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3 In 1 AIR PISTOL

SPORTSMAN JR. Sportsman Jr. is a low-priced air pistol. Ruggedly built, full size, 18" long, chambered for either standard BBs, pellets or steel darts. Fast, single-action compression chamber. Single shot; silent shooting. Use indoors or outdoors. Modelled after famous target pistol. Economical to operate. Magazine holds 10 non-slip moulded grips; machined steel chamber and barrel. 8-in. long; 412 lbs. weight; front sight weighs 15 oz.

\$3.49

No C.O.D. \$3.49 EACH ONLY. \$3.49 for 25c; \$1.80 for 35c package. (Order plenty.) Mailed postpaid. JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. B257 Detroit 7, Mich.

STERLING SILVER **LADY LUCK** Ring

Stately Horse's head, horse shoe and 4-Leaf Clover design. Handsome and 4-Leaf Clover design. Handsomely formed from solid Sterling Silver. Oxidized, hand-buffed finish. For men, women or children. Sent on approval. SEND NO MONEY. Just clip ad and mail with name, address, ring size and style. Pay postman only \$2.98 plus few cents postage on arrival. Or send cash and we mail postpaid. Wear for 5 days. If not delighted, return for refund.

\$2.98

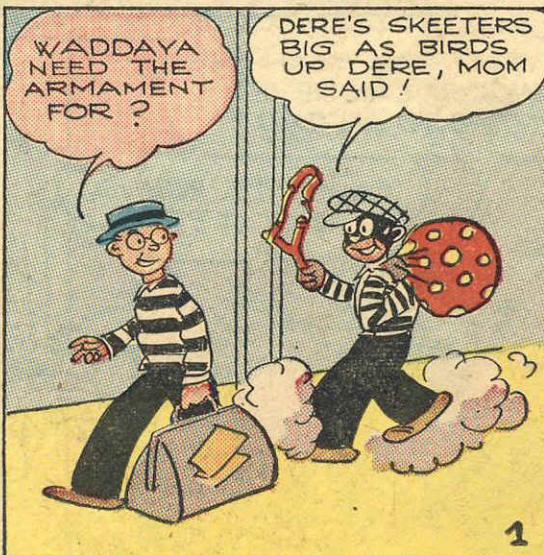
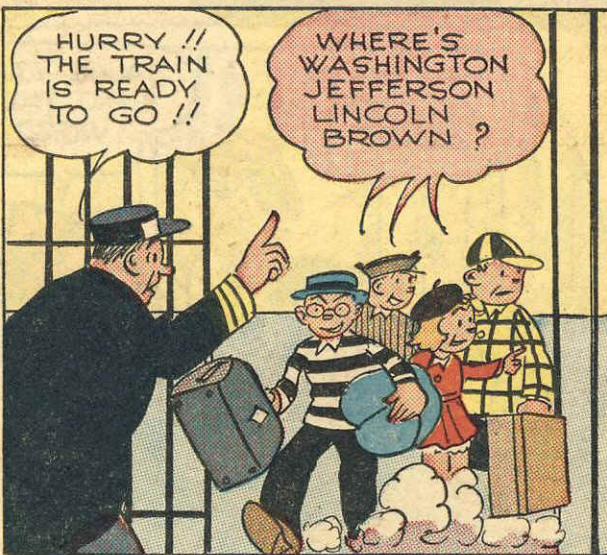
POST PAID

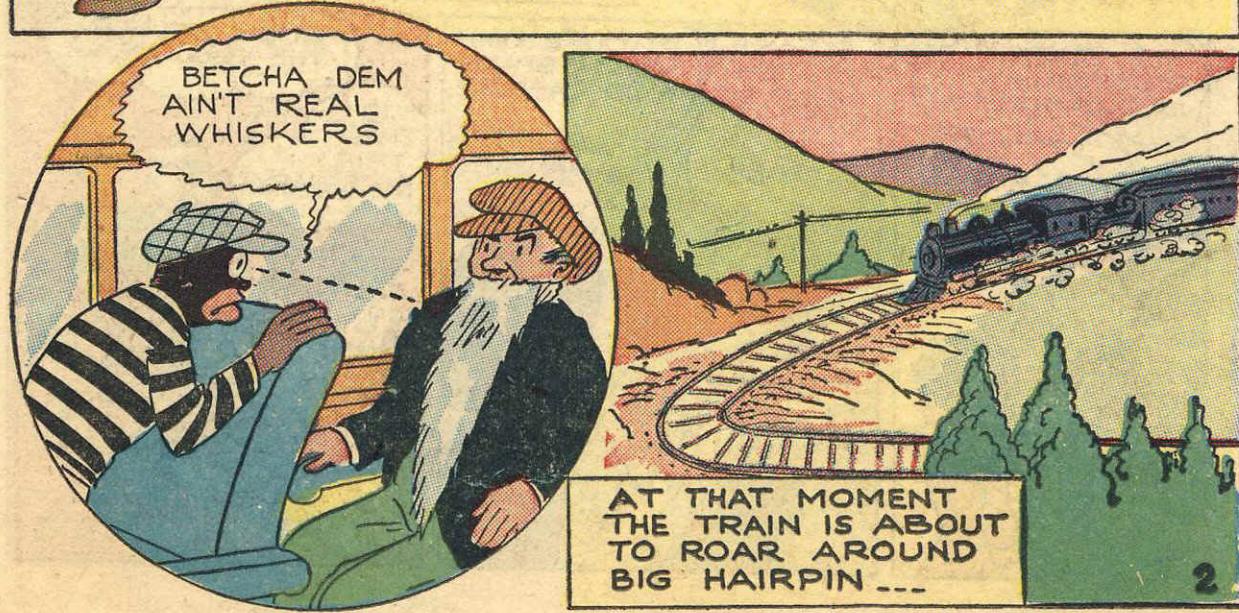
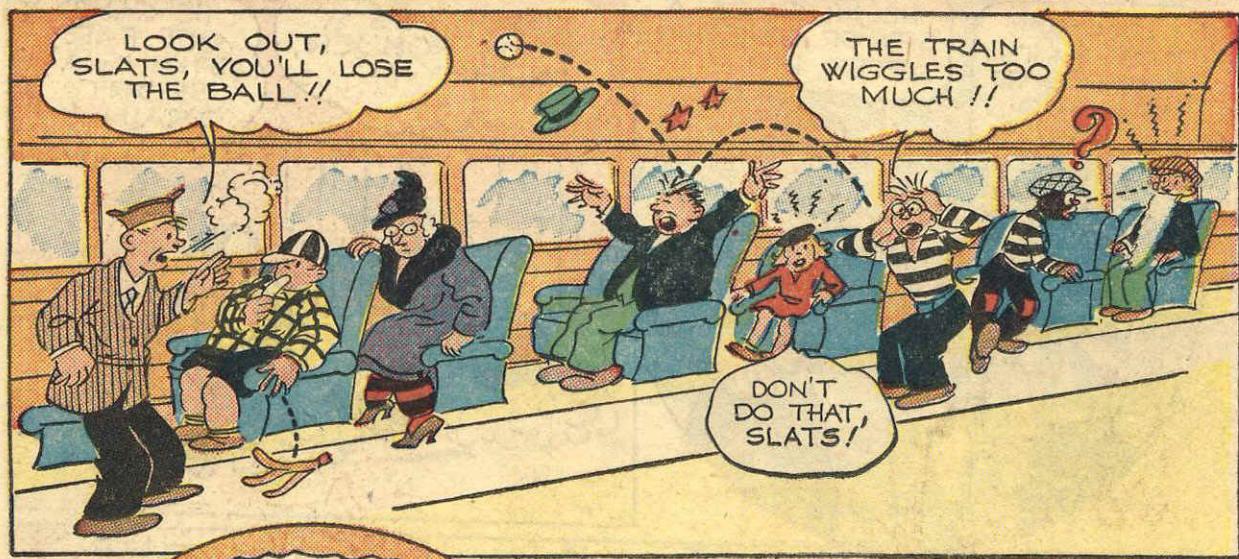
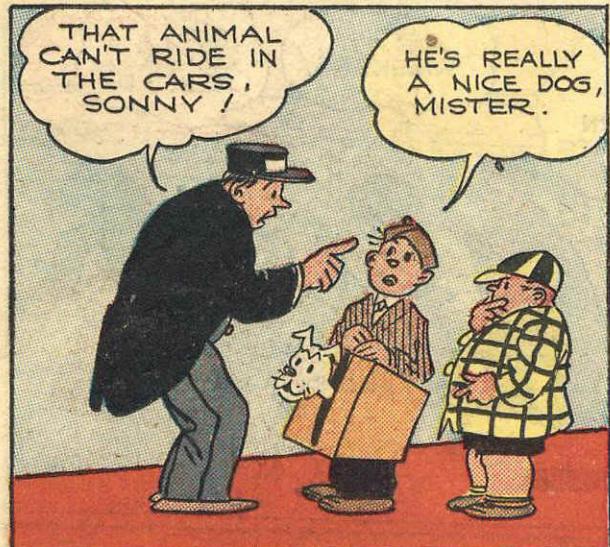
(TAX PAID)

WESTERN CRAFTSMEN • Dept. 150 Omaha 2, Nebraska

KIDS IS KIDS

by BERY GREEN/





Q No. 10. Washington Brown mispronounces words, but who made a grammatical mistake above?

-- AND THE PASSENGERS
ARE SUDDENLY THROWN
OFF BALANCE.

I TOLD
YOU SO,
CHUBBY !!

I
CAN'T
FIND THE
BALL IF
YOU TURN
THE LIGHTS
OUT !!

IT'S
HIS
WHISKERS !

OH,
BOY, I
GOTTA
BEAT IT!

OUCH!

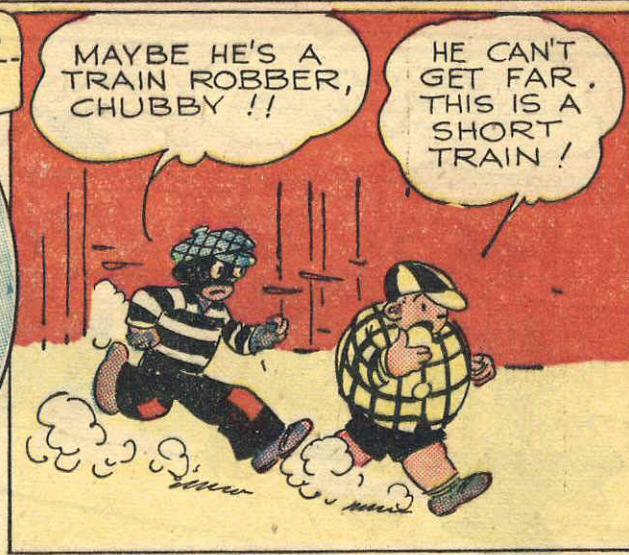


I GRABBED
THAT MAN'S
WHISKERS TO
HANG ONTO
AND LOOK !

HE MUST BE A,
SPY OR SOMETHIN--
AFTER HIM !!

MAYBE HE'S A
TRAIN ROBBER,
CHUBBY !!

HE CAN'T
GET FAR.
THIS IS A
SHORT TRAIN !



DIS GUY'S
DISGUISE
HAS DANDRUFF !

SLATS,
I'M
SCARED !

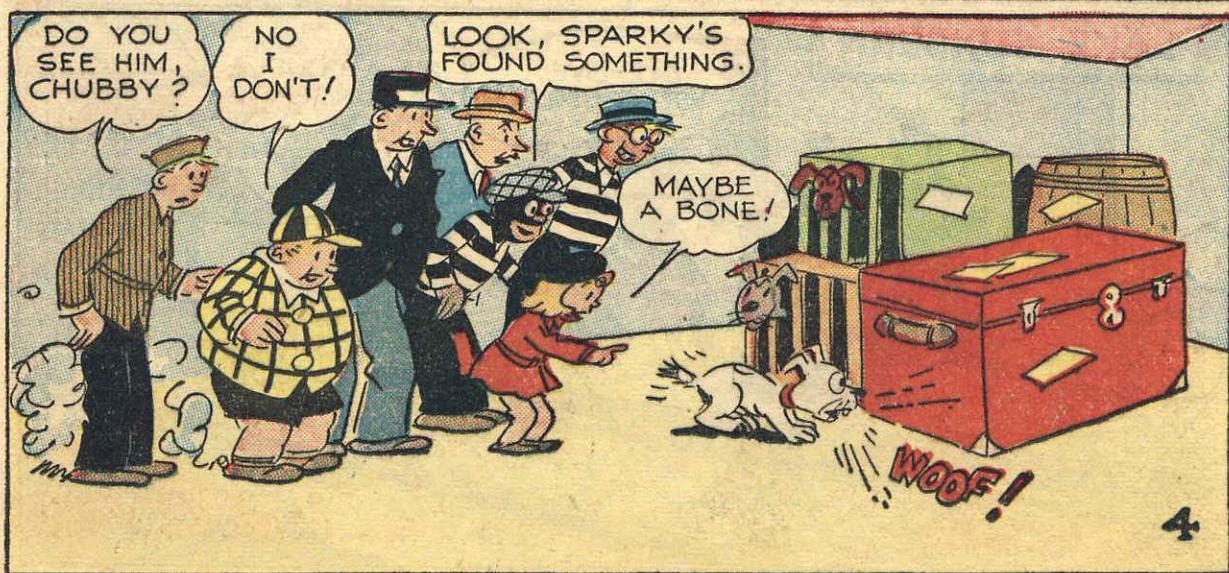
PLEASE,
MISTER,
HELP US
CATCH
THE
ROBBER !

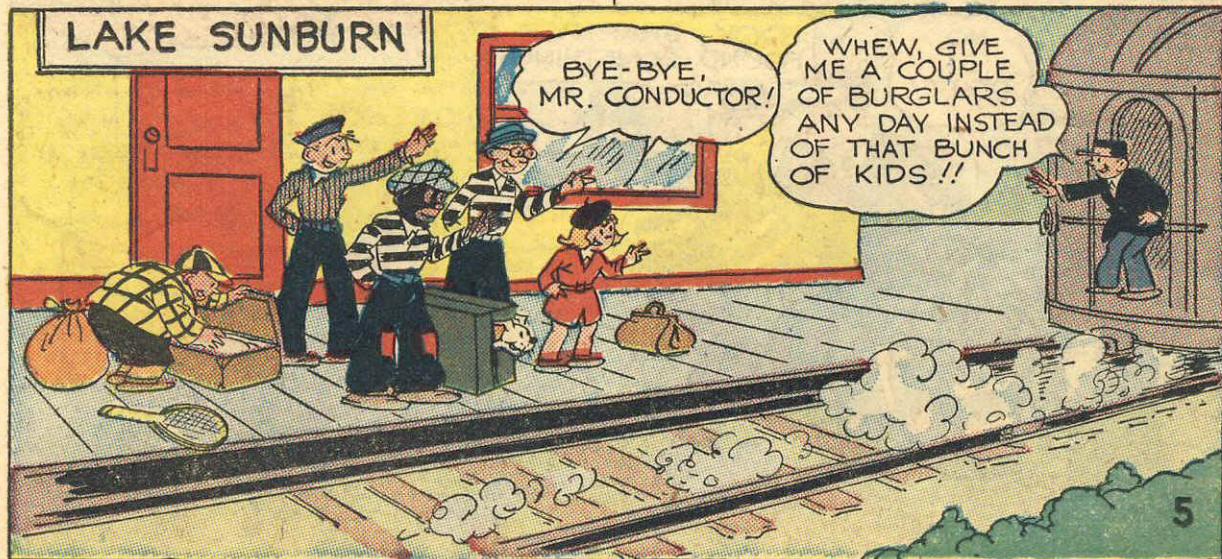
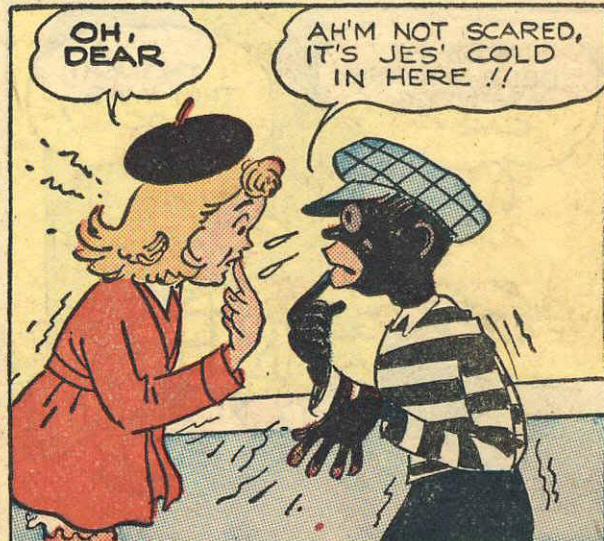
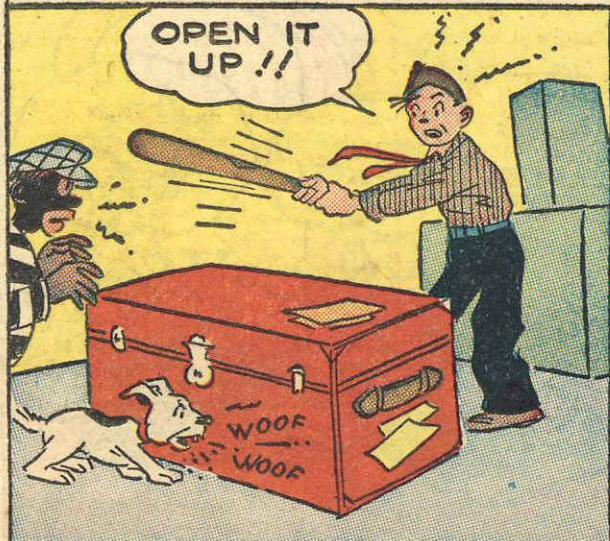
IF YOU'RE KIDDIN'
ME, I'LL SPANK
YOUR CABOOSE.

OUCH, WHAT'S
THE BIG IDEA?

IS
THIS
TRIP
NECESSARY?

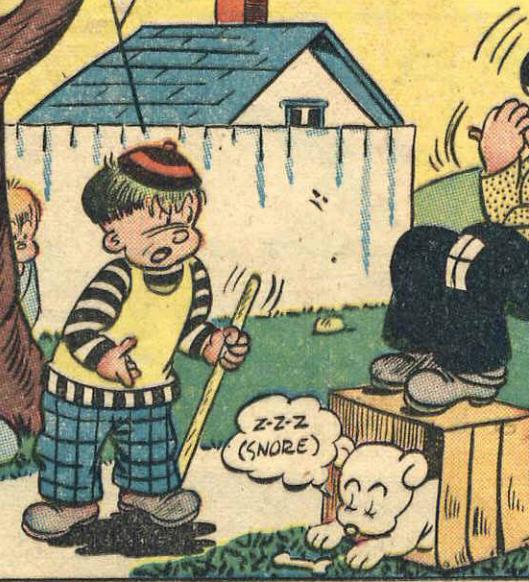






BOY, ARE YOU LAZY!
ISN'T THERE ANYTHING
YOU'RE FAST AT ???

(YAWN) HO-HUM!
SURE-I GET
TIRED AWFUL
FAST!!!



HOW CAN YOUR BROTHER BE
A BOOTBLACK IN A
CLOTHING STORE???

VERY EASILY-HE'S THE GUY
WHO PUTS THE SHINE ON
THE BLUE SERGE SUITS!!



© MILT HAMMER

PULVEX FLEA POWDER

TWO KINDS

WITH 5% DDT

... for dogs. Kills fleas and lice quick. Keeps fleas off 5-7 days. Many home uses.

OR WITH ROTENONE

... for cats, dogs. Quickly kills fleas, lice. Kills fleas when put on a single spot. Pre-war formula.

BITER KING: 5¢ 4 20¢



BITER KING: 5¢ 4 20¢

Sterling Silver

SADDLE RING

Authentic replica of championship rodeo saddle! Handsomely formed from solid Sterling Silver by expert silver craftsmen. Men's, Women's, Children's styles. Sent on approval!

SEND NO MONEY! Just clip ad and mail with name, address, ring size and style. Pay postman only \$2.98 plus few cents postage on arrival. Or send cash and we mail postpaid. Wear for 5 days. If not delighted, return for refund.

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298
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BETCHA CAN'T USE BEANS IN
A SENTENCE!!

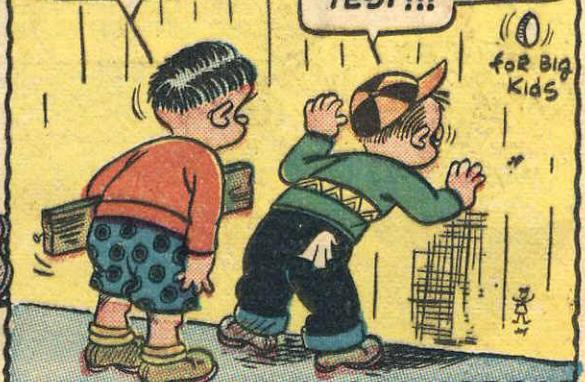
CAN TOO-WE
ARE ALL HUMAN BEANS!

SOUNDS
LODGE-ICAL!

WHAT D'YA MEAN
YOU WERE LIKE
NAPOLEON IN
SCHOOL TODAY?

'CAUSE I TOO
WENT DOWN IN
MY HISTORY
TEST!!!

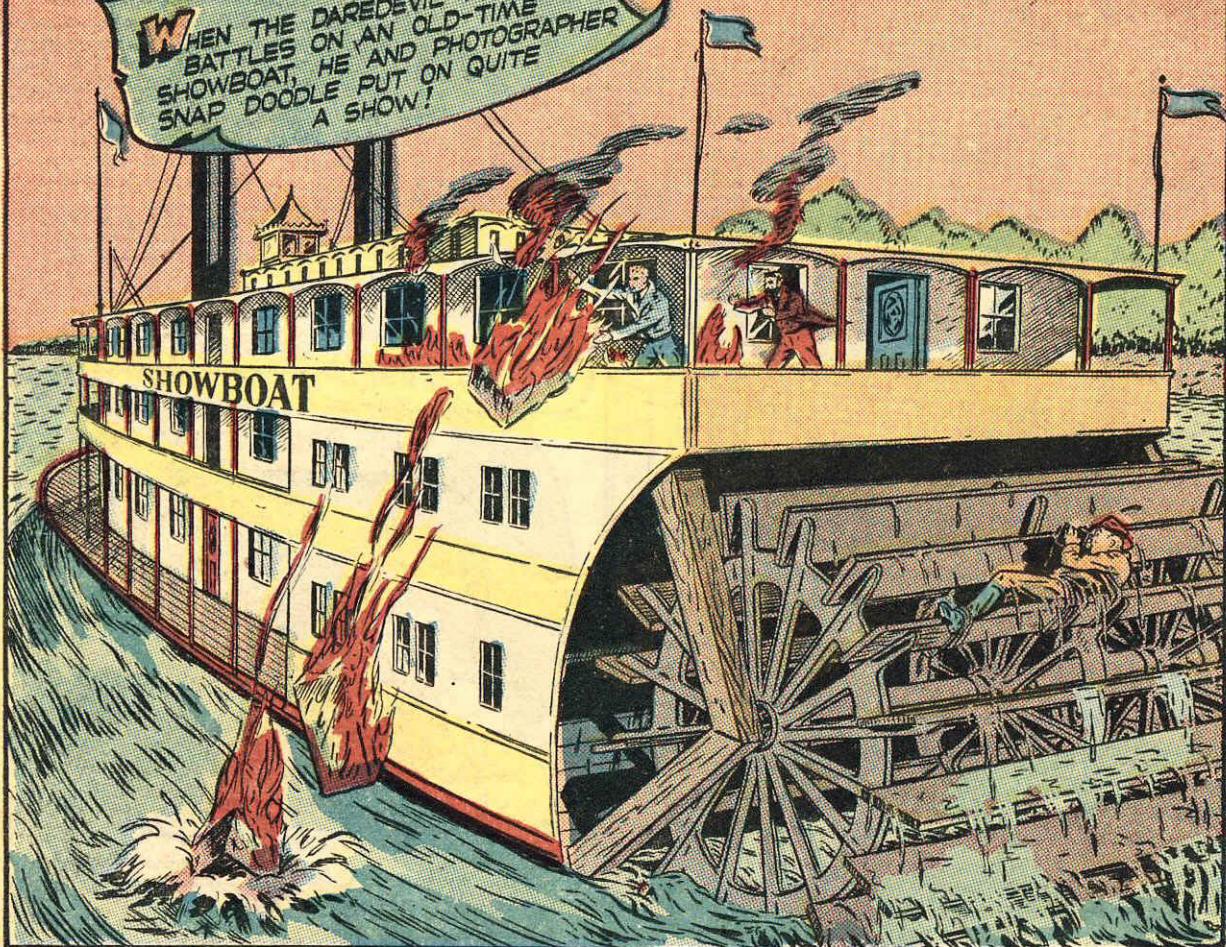
(O)
for big
kids



BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN

WHEN THE DAREDEVIL PILOT BATTLES ON AN OLD-TIME SHOWBOAT, HE AND PHOTOGRAPHER SNAP DOODLE PUT ON QUITE A SHOW!



THERE SHE IS, BOLT--
A REAL OLD SHOWBOAT, ALL
FIXED UP FOR BUSINESS!

BLUE BOLT
LANDS
AT A LITTLE
TOWN
ON THE
MISSISSIPPI!

I'M GLAD CAP
CHUCKLES INVITED US
TO LOOK HIS BOAT
OVER, SNAP!

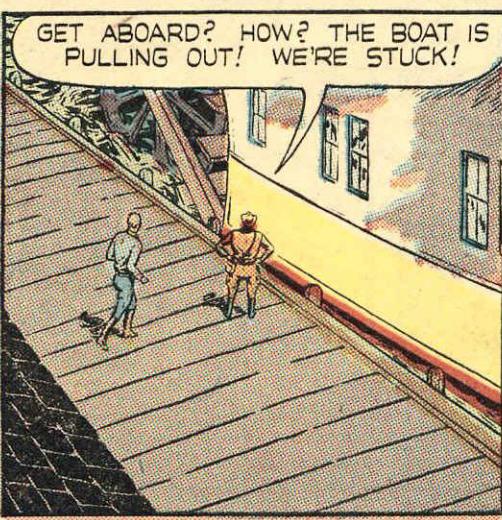
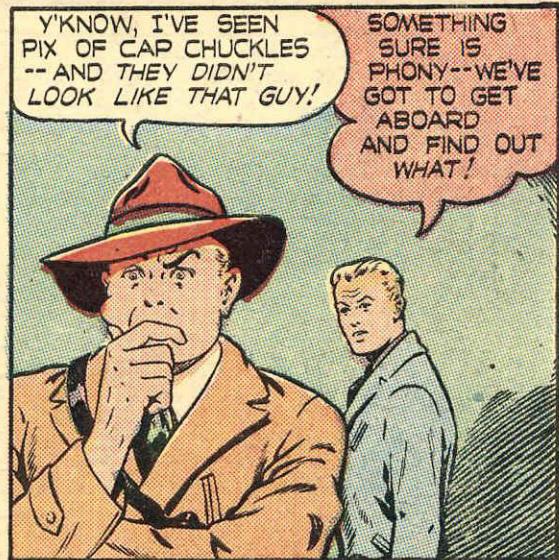
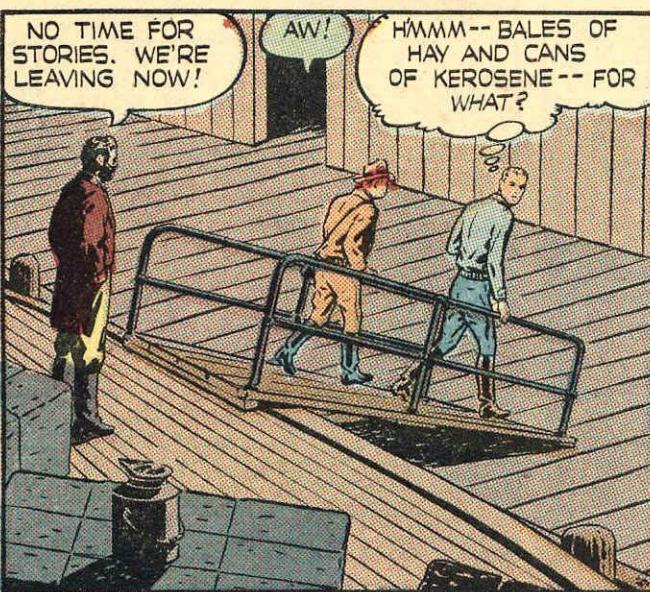
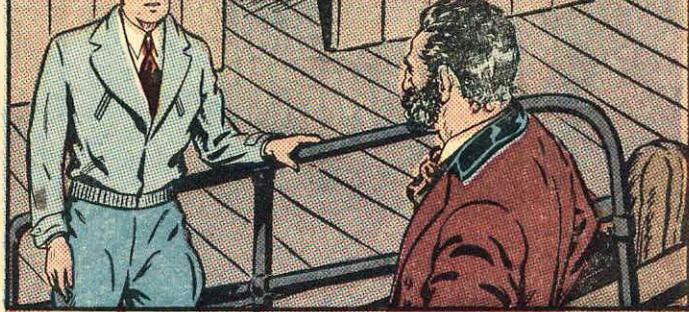
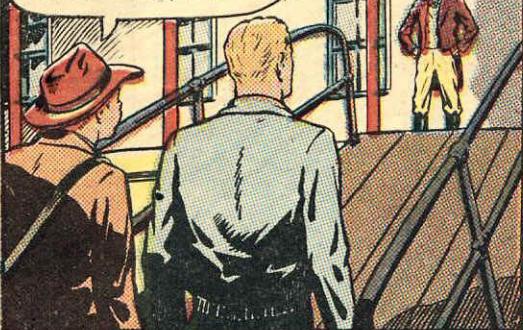
BUT THE GLIMPSES TEAM GETS A SURPRISE --

WHERE'S CAP CHUCKLES? WE'RE FROM GLIMPSES,, THE PICTURE MAGAZINE, AND--

I'M CAP CHUCKLES! SCRAM!

BUT YOU INVITED US TO GET A PICTURE STORY!

CHANGED MY MIND! WE'RE SHOVING OFF FOR MAGNOLIA CITY. GOT TO PICK UP OUR CAST AND PUT ON A SHOW!

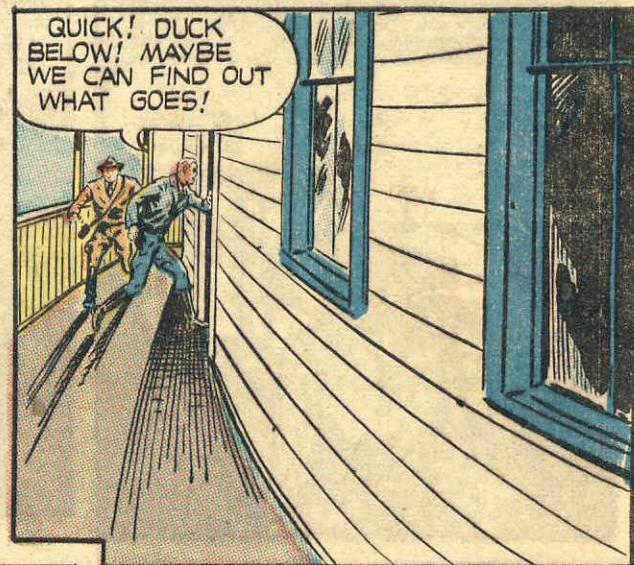
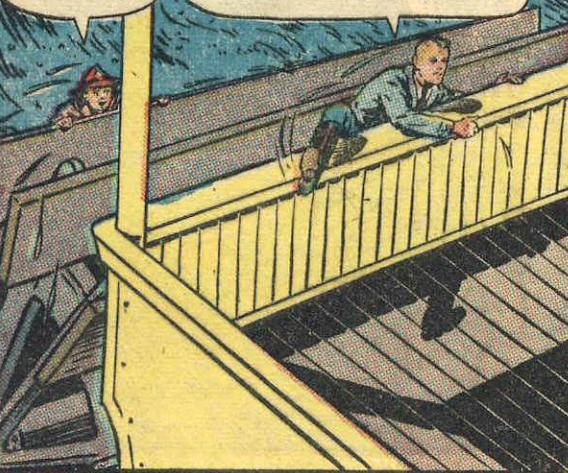


Q No. 12. The British call it a lift. What is our term for it? The hint is above.

SAY! THIS
IS FUN!

IT WON'T BE FUN IF
THOSE GUYS SPOT US!

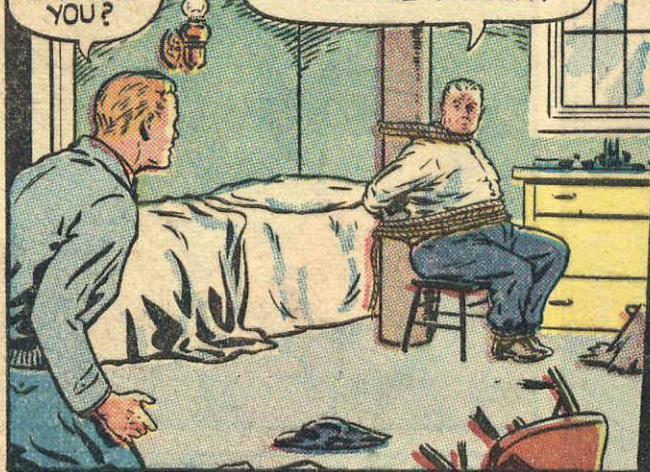
QUICK! DUCK
BELOW! MAYBE
WE CAN FIND OUT
WHAT GOES!



Below...

GOLLY!
WHO ARE
YOU?

I'M CAP CHUCKLES! IMPRISONED
ON MY OWN BOAT, BLAST IT ALL,
BY THAT SNIVELLING SNAKE,
CYRIL HISSE!

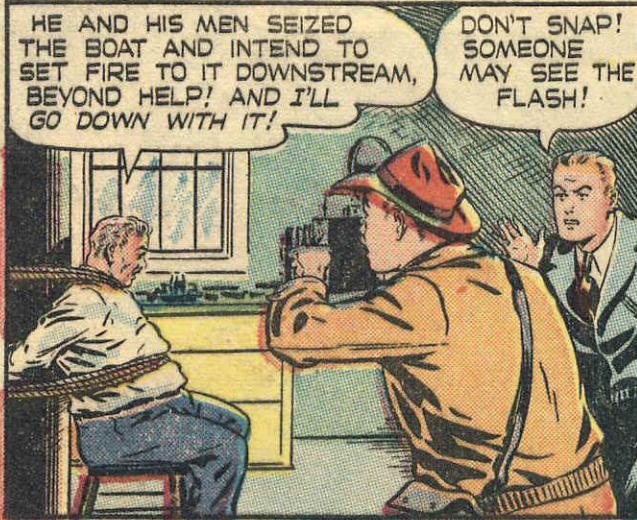


HISSE WAS A HAM ACTOR. I
BLACKBALLED HIM IN THE ACTING
PROFESSION BECAUSE OF SOME
SCURVY DEALS HE
PULLED. NOW HE'S
TRYING TO GET
EVEN!



HE AND HIS MEN SEIZED
THE BOAT AND INTEND TO
SET FIRE TO IT DOWNSTREAM,
BEYOND HELP! AND I'LL
GO DOWN WITH IT!

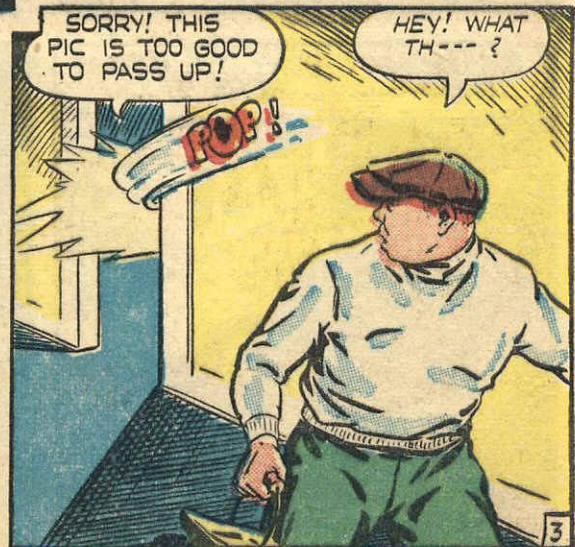
DON'T SNAP!
SOMEONE
MAY SEE THE
FLASH!



SORRY! THIS
PIC IS TOO GOOD
TO PASS UP!

HEY! WHAT
TH---?

POP!



HANK! CHET!
GRAB THEM
GUYS!

'BYE, CAP! WE'LL
BE BACK!



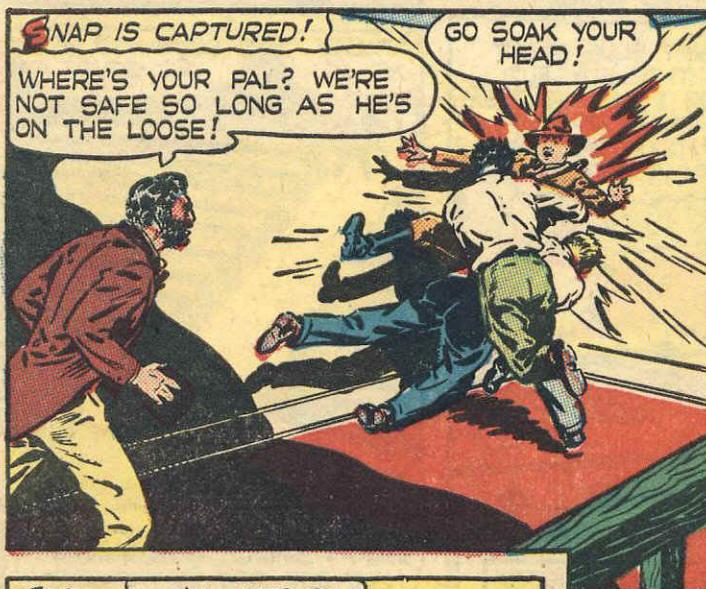
HIDE, SNAP! WE
CAN'T LICK THE
WHOLE GANG!



SNAP IS CAPTURED!

WHERE'S YOUR PAL? WE'RE
NOT SAFE SO LONG AS HE'S
ON THE LOOSE!

GO SOAK YOUR
HEAD!

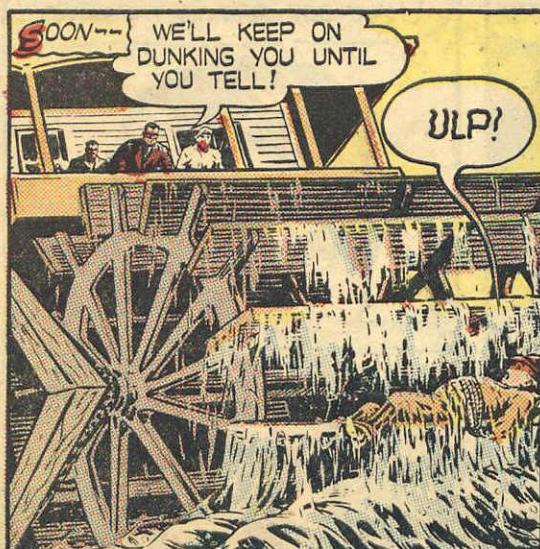


WISE GUY, EH? TAKE HIM TO
THE PADDLE WHEEL -- AND WE'LL
SOAK HIS HEAD!



SOON-- WE'LL KEEP ON
DUNKING YOU UNTIL
YOU TELL!

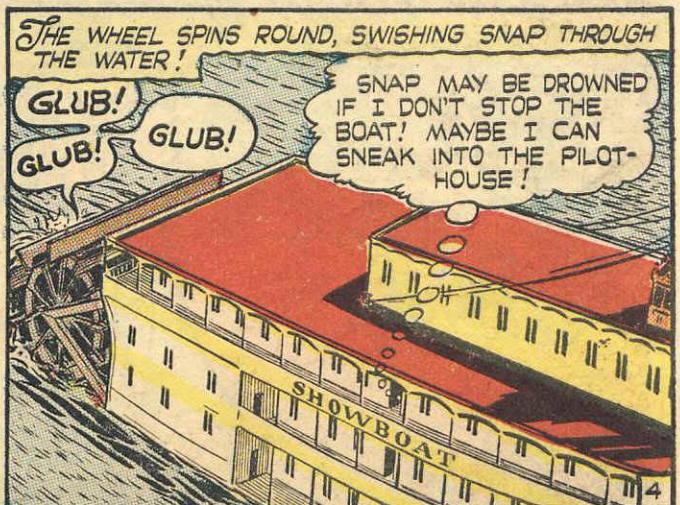
ULP!



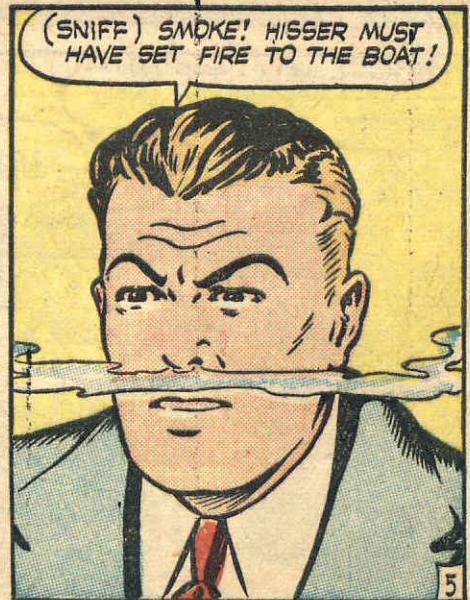
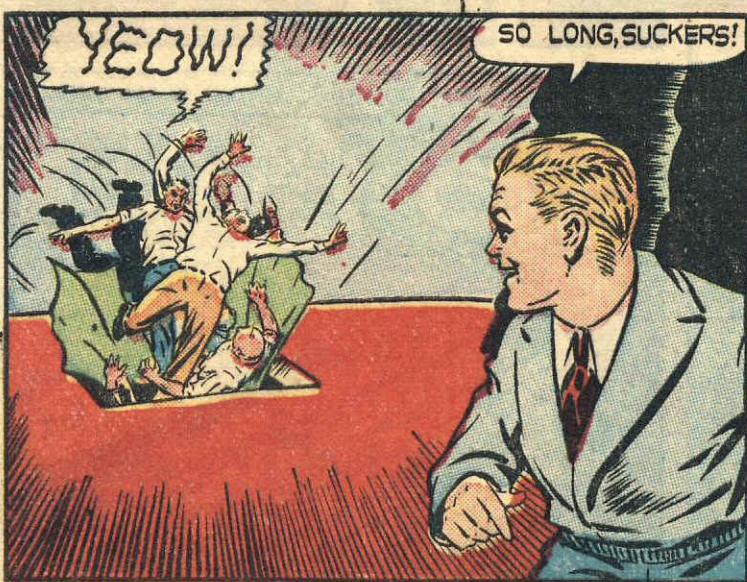
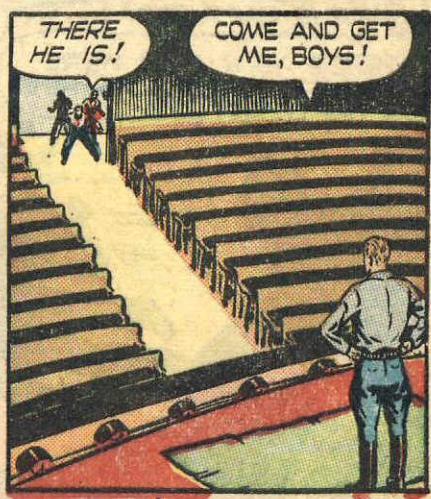
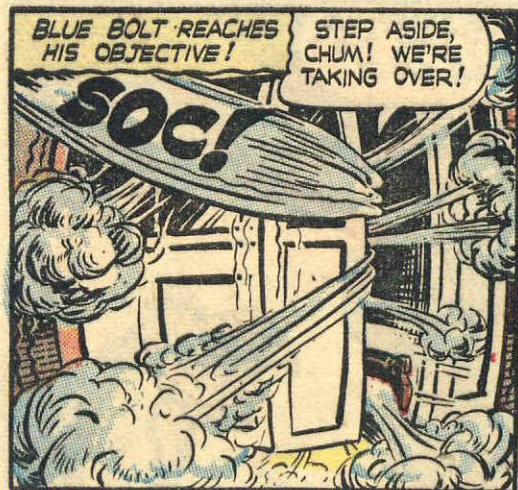
**THE WHEEL SPINS ROUND, SWISHING SNAP THROUGH
THE WATER!**

GLUB!
GLUB!

SNAP MAY BE DROWNED
IF I DON'T STOP THE
BOAT! MAYBE I CAN
SNEAK INTO THE PILOT-
HOUSE!



Q No. 13. Who was the author of "Life on the Mississippi"?



AH! NOW I'LL LEAVE
IN A ROWBOAT! PLAGUE
THIS BOAT AND EVERY-
BODY IN IT!

ONE MOMENT,
PAL! I'VE GOT
SOMETHING
FOR YOU!



A KISSE
FOR HISSE!

WHACK!



SOMETHING
FOR ME?

YES.

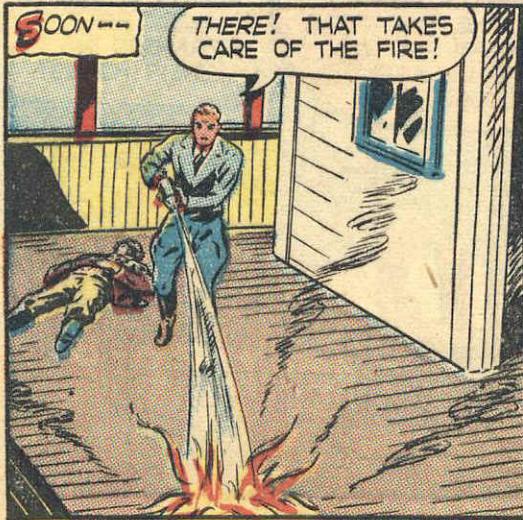


NOTHING MUCH BURNING
YET EXCEPT THE
BALES THEMSELVES!



SOON--

THERE! THAT TAKES
CARE OF THE FIRE!



THAT EVENING AT MAGNOLIA CITY--

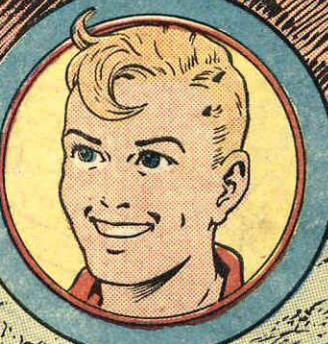
WELL, OUR FIRST SHOW
IS A SUCCESS, AND YOU
OUGHT TO HAVE A
GREAT STORY FOR
YOUR MAGAZINE!

YEAH, BUT I'M SO
WATERLOGGED, I WON'T
TAKE A BATH
FOR A MONTH!



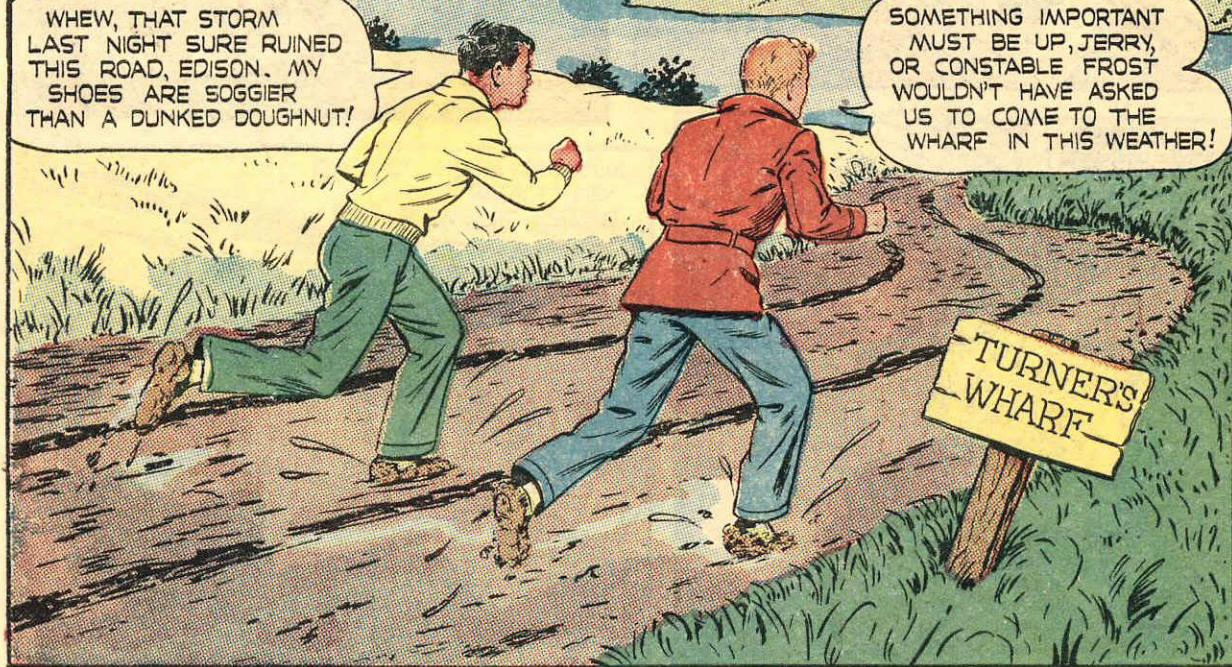
Q No. 14. The song "Old Man River" comes from what American operetta?

Edison Bell



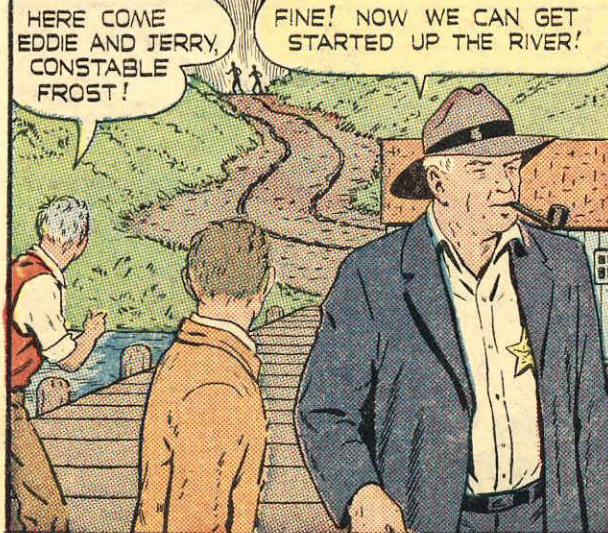
WHEW, THAT STORM LAST NIGHT SURE RUINED THIS ROAD, EDISON. MY SHOES ARE SOGGIER THAN A DUNKED DOUGHNUT!

SOMETHING IMPORTANT MUST BE UP, JERRY, OR CONSTABLE FROST WOULDN'T HAVE ASKED US TO COME TO THE WHARF IN THIS WEATHER!



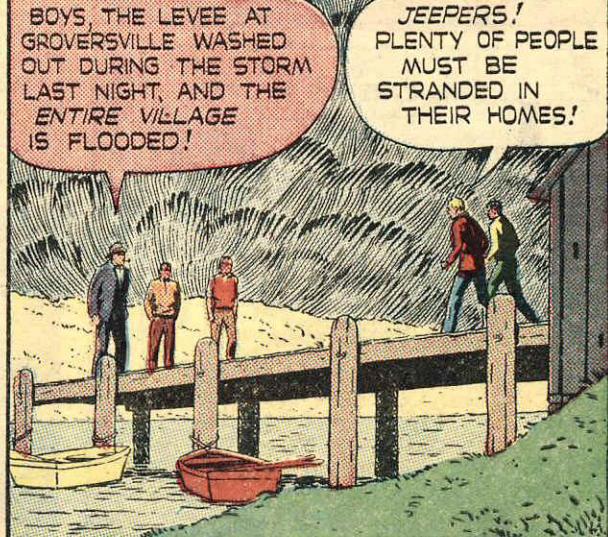
HERE COME EDDIE AND JERRY CONSTABLE FROST!

FINE! NOW WE CAN GET STARTED UP THE RIVER!



BOYS, THE LEVEE AT GROVERSVILLE WASHED OUT DURING THE STORM LAST NIGHT, AND THE ENTIRE VILLAGE IS FLOODED!

JEOPERS! PLENTY OF PEOPLE MUST BE STRANDED IN THEIR HOMES!

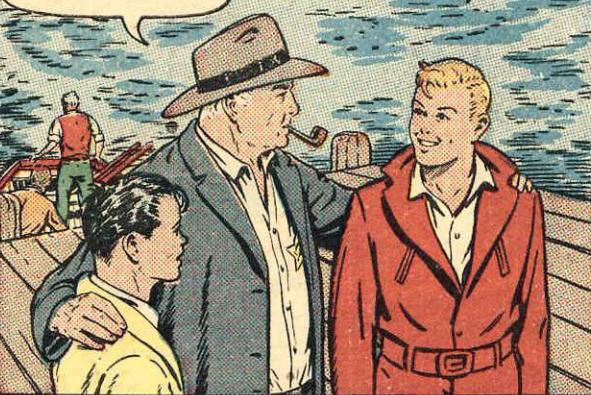


EXACTLY-- AND
I WANT YOU FOUR LADS
TO HELP ME FORM A
SORT OF, ER-- ROWBOAT
RESCUE TEAM!

WE'LL BE GLAD
TO, SIR!

WE CAN MAKE
GROVERSVILLE BY
RIVER IN ABOUT AN
HOUR! ALL SET?

AYE, AYE,
CAPTAIN!



STEADILY THE OARS OF THE
TINY BOATS RISE AND FALL
UNTIL--

WELL, THIS IS--
OR I SHOULD
SAY, WAS GROVERSVILLE! WOW!

WE'LL SPLIT UP
HERE AND START
LOOKING FOR
MAROONED
VILLAGERS!

SEE YOU
LATER,
CONSTABLE.

HALLOO, THERE!
HELP!

HEY!
SOMEONE'S
STRANDED
IN THAT
HOUSE!

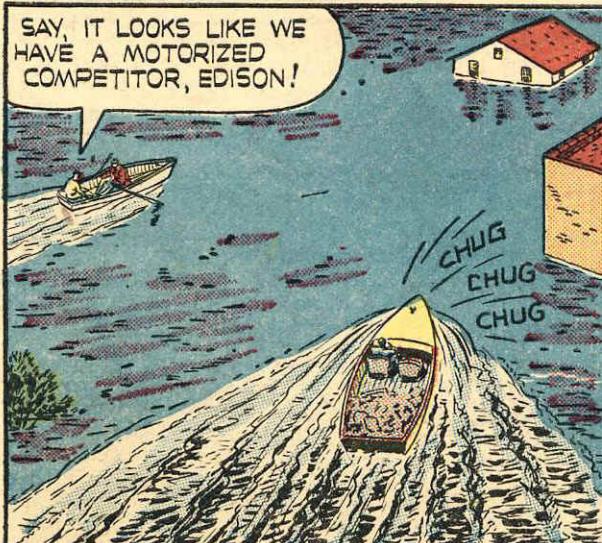
WE'LL
HEAD
RIGHT
OVER,
JERRY!



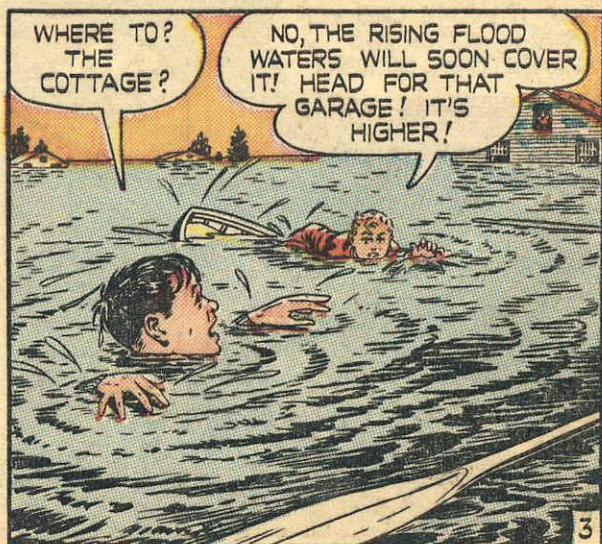
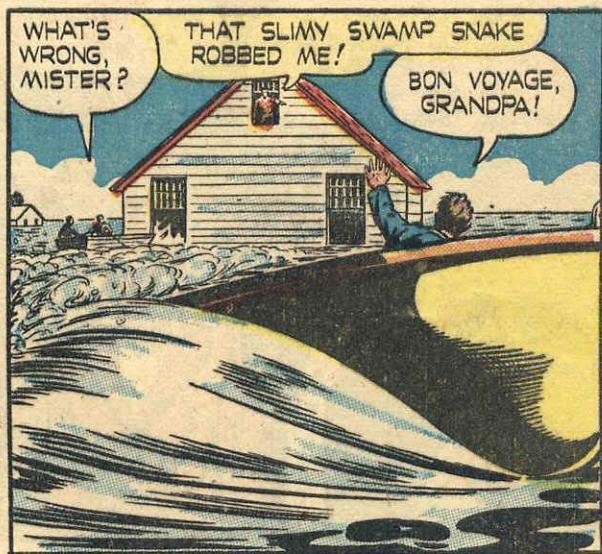
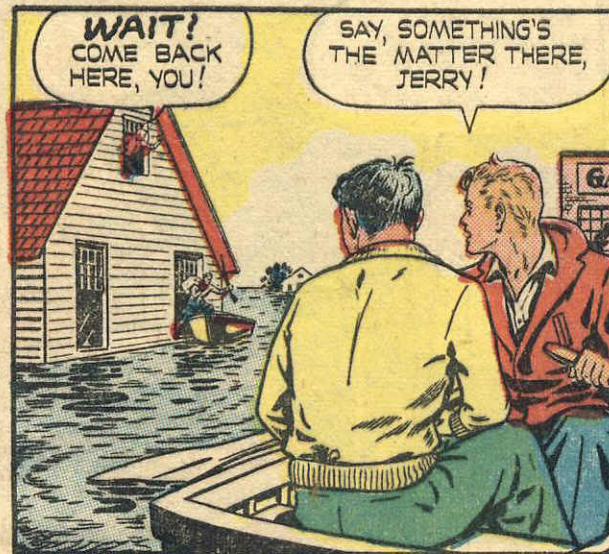
SAY, IT LOOKS LIKE WE
HAVE A MOTORIZED
COMPETITOR, EDISON!

HE'S BEATING
US TO IT!

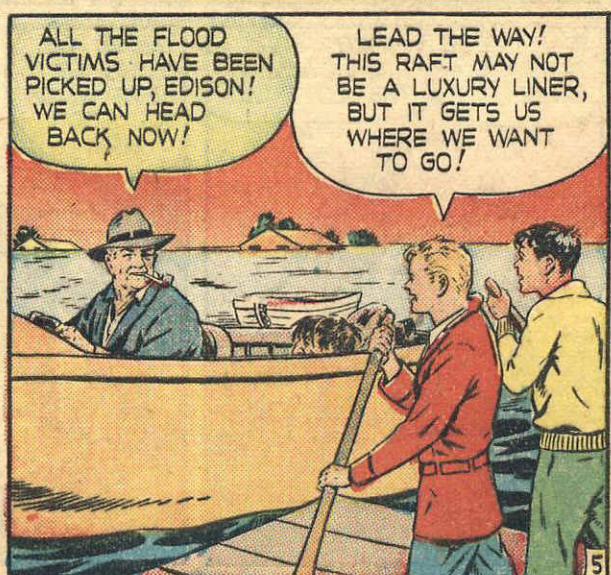
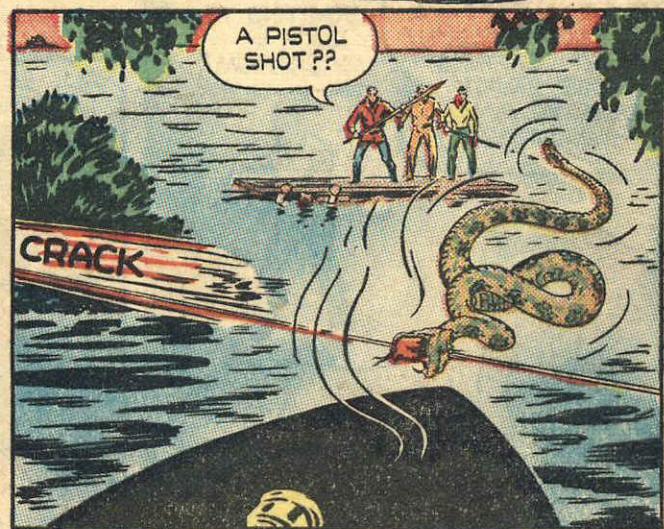
HA, HA! THIS ISN'T A
RACE, JERRY! IT DOESN'T
MATTER WHO DOES
THE SAVING!



Q No. 15. Which book in the Bible describes the great Flood or Deluge?







NOW YOU CAN BUILD YOUR OWN

PONTOON RAFT

ALL YOU
NEED TO BUILD THIS
STURDY RAFT ARE THE
FOLLOWING MATERIALS:

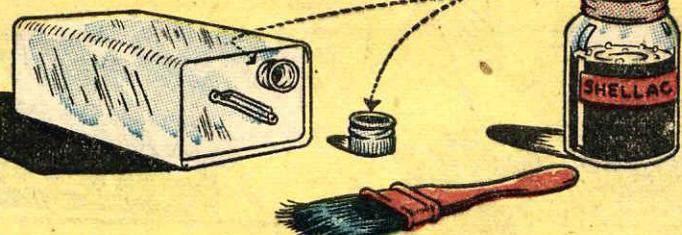
- 1½-INCH NAILS.
- 1 SMALL JAR SHELLAC.
- 2 PLANKS OF WOOD
3/4-INCH BY 12-INCH
BY FOUR FEET.
- 4 STRIPS OF WOOD
3/4-INCH BY 3-INCH
BY FOUR FEET.
- 4 EMPTY FIVE-GALLON
CANS.
- BALING WIRE.

BY
Harry
Lazarus

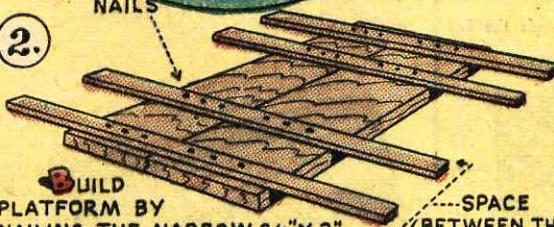
1.

TO MAKE EMPTY CANS WATER-TIGHT, WASH THEM
AND ALLOW THEM TO DRY THOROUGHLY, THEN APPLY
SHELLAC WITH A BRUSH TO INSIDES OF CAP AND INTO
GROOVES OF CANS NECK. WHEN SHELLAC BECOMES
GUMMY, SCREW CAP BACK ON TIGHTLY AND THEN
APPLY MORE SHELLAC TO OUTSIDE OF CAP AND ON ALL
SEAMS OF CAN--- ALLOW TO DRY.

(SHELLAC HERE)



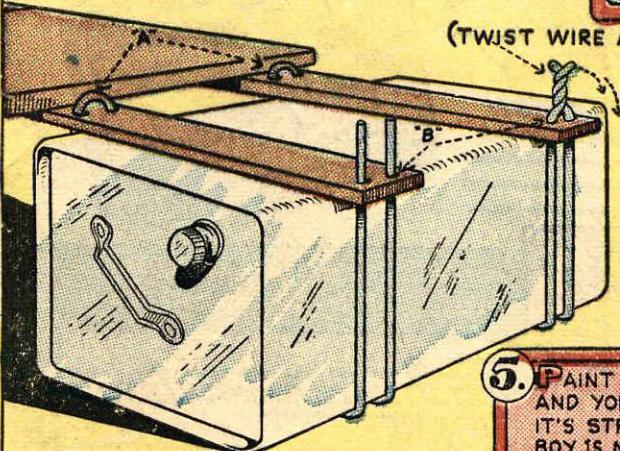
2.



BUILD
PLATFORM BY
NAILING THE NARROW 3/4" X 3"
STRIPS CROSSWISE ONTO THE
WIDE 3/4" X 12" BOARDS WITH
1 1/2-INCH NAILS.

SPACE
BETWEEN THE
STRIPS 3-INCH
NARROWER
THAN CANS.

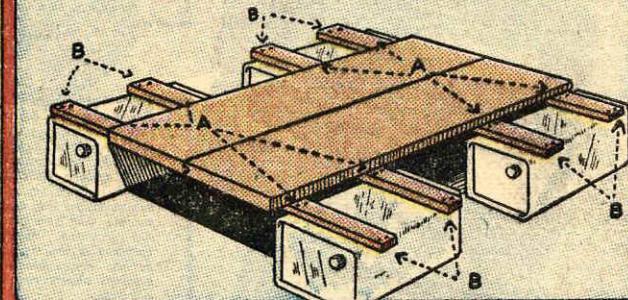
4. SECURE CANS TO PLATFORM BY RUNNING
THE GALVANIZED WIRE THROUGH HOLES
"A" AROUND AND UNDER CANS AND BACK
UP AND THROUGH HOLES "B"



(TWIST WIRE AND BEND DOWN)

3.

THEN PLACE PLATFORM OVER THE FOUR
PREPARED CANS AND MARK OFF PLACE TO
DRILL TWO HOLES 1-INCH APART AT ALL "A"
AND "B" POINTS.

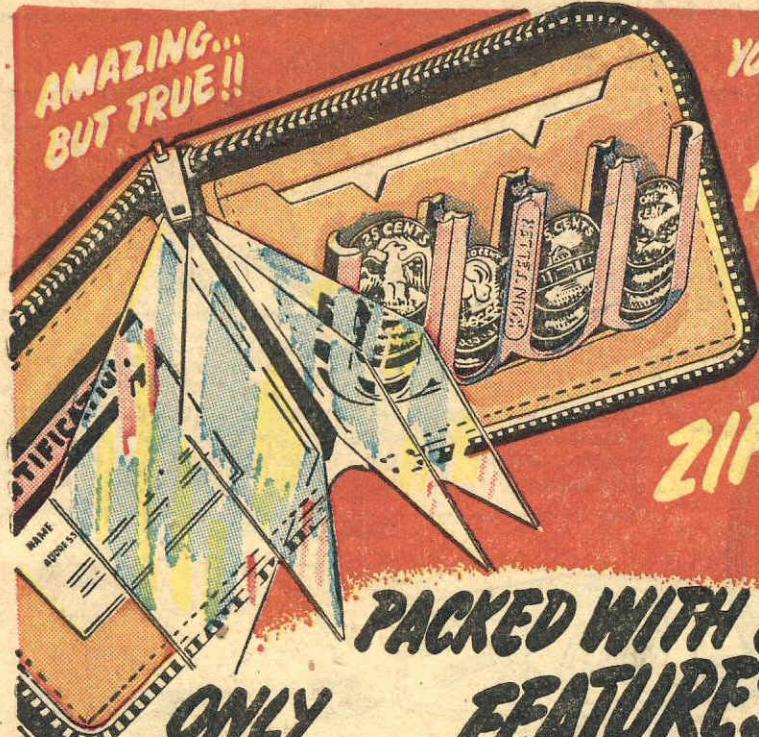


5.

PAINT RAFT TO MAKE IT WARP-PROOF,
AND YOUR RAFT IS READY TO FLOAT.
IT'S STRONG AND BUILT TO CARRY ONE
BOY. IS NOT DESIGNED FOR ROUGH WATER.



AMAZING...
BUT TRUE!!



YOU CAN GET THESE

HAND
COLORED
COIN HOLDER

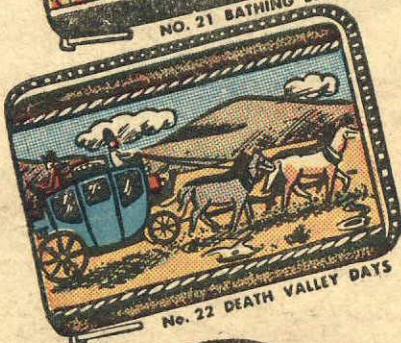
ZIPPER
BILLFOLDS

ONLY
\$1.98

PLUS
FEDERAL
TAX

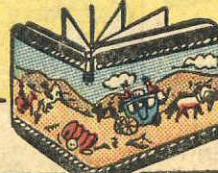
Plus approx. $\frac{1}{2}$ size.
Actual size $3\frac{1}{2}$ by
 $6\frac{1}{4}$ when opened.

Leathercraft wallets
come to you from
the heart of the
leather goods in-
dustry, making this
low price possible.



PACKED WITH EXPENSIVE
FEATURES

Hand colored scene extends the full
length of the wallet!



It's a fact! You get this beautiful coin
holder, feature-packed wallet by mail
for only 1.98! Each wallet is saddle
finished, gorgeously embossed and
hand colored with colors that won't
rub off! Each has a quality, smooth-
sliding zipper that completely seals the
wallet! And here are the big EXTRAS —
a patented "change maker" coin
holder plus the most mysterious secret
pocket ever made — to hide your
precious papers and money from prying
eyes.

JUST LOOK
...AT THESE
FEATURES!!

- PATENTED COIN HOLDER
- PATENTED SECRET POCKET!
- Smooth-sliding zipper
- Beautifully hand-colored scenes
- Identification card
- Roomy currency compartment
- Built-in change purse
- 8 picture and pass windows.



SEND NO
MONEY
ORDER NOW!

SECRET POCKET KNOWN ONLY TO YOU KEEPS PRECIOUS
PAPERS AND MONEY SAFE FROM PRYING EYES!

GENTLEMEN:

By return mail, rush me my hand colored, coin holder zipper billfold containing
the patented SECRET POCKET. Upon arrival, I will pay the postman 1.98 plus
federal tax, postage and C.O.D. charges. If I am not fully satisfied, I can return
the billfold within ten days for a full refund.

The LEATHERCRAFT CO.
Dept. N12-7,
386 Main Ave.,
Clifton, N. J.
My Billfold Selection is:

(Style No. & Type)

If ordering more than one, state how many and style numbers

MY NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

(Style No. & Type)

ZONE NO. STATE